



1976  
250 MAGAZINES

SPECIAL STAR WARS ISSUE

# THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

PSYCHO  
STABBING

-TODD STRUTH

SHANDOR

DEMON STRIKER

RABID

DEATH TRAP

TO BE WON -  
TOP  
QUALITY

200  
STAR  
WARS  
MASKS

# HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT



**HoH1** 45p  
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**HoH12** 45p  
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**HoH13** 45p  
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**HoH14** 45p  
Million Years BC strip, John Cadenine Romero on Martin - review, Audrey Rose, Dinosaur Films, Part 2

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 July 1978

# Editorial

Ever tried new ideas and new approaches in *House of Hammer*, we've crowd our fingers and tried a somewhat experimental look to this issue.

On our cover, an action scene from the new space fantasy smash, *Star Wars*. (But fear not *Lewis-lovers*, Brian will be back next month gracing our cover with another of his bright and beautiful paintings.)

Regulars will also notice we're not kicking off with a comic strip film adaptation this month either. Instead, our look is front of and behind the scenes of *Star Wars*.

But before the comic fans among you seep with despair, check out page 23.

By an overwhelming majority of favourable mail, you've begged for the return of Father Shandor, our *Dracula*, Prince of Darkness hero, last seen in *366118*. So, as we've no actual Hammer adaptation, we're giving you the next best thing with our spin-off *Demon Stalker*.

In fact, this could well be our best issue yet when you look at the rep of our con-

tent. An interview with head of Hammer film, Michael Carreras, a science fiction film competition, a look back at some really rare storyboards from *Psycho*, top-selling fantasy film book author David Prie (Heritage of Horror, *The Vampire Cinema*), on *Tobe* (Texas Chain-Saw Massacre) Hooper's new film *Death Trap*, plus just about everything else you'd expect from the award-winning *House of Hammer* (more on that next issue, if we've got the space!). And talking about *Hell 17*, it will feature our 15 page adaptation of Hammer's *Vampire Circus*, Michael Carreras on Hammer's upcoming fantasy films, a look at Ray Harryhausen storyboards (to follow this month's piece on *Soul Bait* storyboards); plus lots, lots more.

See you in thirty.

*Raymond*

Editor

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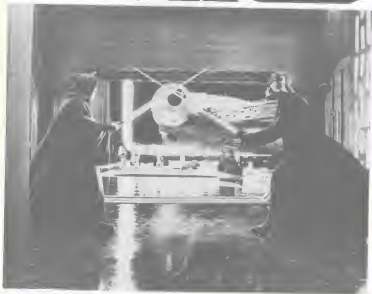
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# STAR WARS



Following HoH13's preview, our in-depth look at the science fantasy smash hit movie.

The first and inevitable question one is going to ask about *Star Wars* is—"Is it as amazing as all the overkill pre-release publicity suggests?" Well, the answer to that, for once, is *yes*. It is an amazing movie. Whether or not it's a great movie is debatable but it is definitely a visual masterpiece, full of moments that had me gaping with astonishment—scenes I've pictured in the mind's eye when reading science fiction but which I never expected to see put on the screen.

I must admit that *Star Wars* had me enthralled for most of its running time of 2 hours and 1 minute, it was only afterwards that quibbles and doubts began to percolate through my mind. For me the main problem is the story itself—set in a corrupt intergalactic Empire eons in the past it involves a young man called Luke Skywalker who leaves his uncle's farm on a small, arid planet to help rescue a rebel princess and aid her in her fight against the Empire.

The Princess Leia had been carrying vital information about the Empire's most powerful weapon, the Death Star (a space vehicle the size of a small moon which is capable of destroying whole planets) to her rebel friends at their secret base when she had been captured by Darth Vader, a black-clad super villain in the service of the Empire. But before being captured she had managed to slip the information into a small robot called Artoo Deetoo who resembles a walking coffee pot. Accompanied by another robot called See-Three-ee, all glittering gold with an English accent and camp mannerisms, Artoo lands on Luke's home-planet to seek out an old friend of the Princess called Ben Kenobi, now living as an hermit but one time Knight of the Jedi—a Force for good in the galaxy in days past.

The robots encounter Luke along the way who helps them to reach Kenobi, who in turn enlightens Luke's aid in rescuing the Princess, informing Luke that his father was also a Knight of the Jedi. Luke, Kenobi and the robots then journey to the nearest settlement where, after brushes with both the Imperial guards and the alien thugs who inhabit the place, hire the services of young space pirate called Han Solo and his faster-than-light space ship. They then travel through hyper-space towards the Princess's home world of Alderaan but find nothing but fragments when they arrive—the Death Star has already destroyed it.

Meanwhile, on board the massive vehicle, the evil Grand Moff Tarkin, Governor of the Imperial Outland regions, is trying, without success, to extract the location of the secret rebel base from the Princess Solo's ship is then captured and brought on board the Death Star but Luke, Solo and his co-pilot Chewbacca—a tall, ape-like creature—manage, after battling many



*The start of it all . . . Artoo-Deetoo and See-Threepio watch helplessly—and quietly, for once—as Peter Cushing's stormtroopers raid the Rebel Blockade Runner. Soon enough, help is at hand in the unlikely shape(s) of private pilot Han Solo (Marrison Ford) and his co-pilot Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew), far right.*





of the Imperial Marines, to rescue the Princess and get her back to the ship. Then, thanks to Kenobi sacrificing himself in a laser-sword duel with Darth Vader, they succeed in breaking out of the Death Star and head for the rebel base. But they are unaware that a homing device has been placed on board and they are unwittingly leading the Death Star straight to the rebels. However the plans Artoo is carrying enable the rebels to discover the one weak spot in the planet-destroyer's defences—a small vent in a canyon-like crevice on the Death Star's surface which leads straight down into its atomic core—and devise a plan to destroy it. The last ten minutes of the film are taken up in a climactic battle as the rebel space slugs attempt to fight their way through the Death Star's numerous defences and fire a torpedo into the vent...

All of which is pretty banal as far as story and characters are concerned—the plot could have been lifted from a low-quality, science-fiction pulp magazine of the 1930s, or from a comic strip of the same period—and the whole thing is really on the level of the old Flash Gordon serials. But that isn't surprising seeing as that was





Handed not eat. Chewbacca, the testosterone Wookiee (played by giant London hospital porter Peter Mayhew) co-pilots Han Solo's Millennium Falcon pirate starship and gets peevy mean if you hear him at live-chess — or simply rub his fur the wrong way.

the *STARWARS* of *Star Wars*' writer and director George Lucas. He originally wanted to make a new film version of Flash Gordon but couldn't obtain the rights to the character so instead he wrote a script that included practically every favourite moment of his in a comic strip, or old film or book.

"It's the fotians and Jetsum from the period when I was 12," he said. "The plot is simple—good against evil—and the film is designed to be all the fun things and fantasy things I remember. The word for this movie is fun."

A statement like this from a film-maker practically disarms all serious criticism beforehand—one can't, for instance, accuse him of writing simple-minded dialogue when that is exactly what he set out to do. (Harrison Ford, who plays Solo, said: "There were times when I raised a threat to tie George up and make him repeat his own dialogue.") Nor can one complain about gaping holes in the plot or credibility-stretching coincidences or any other flaws when Lucas maintains it just meant to be a fairy story.

One is therefore not justified in asking why the universe seems to be ruled only by human beings (and of the white variety) despite the existence of other alien races, or what the mysterious Force is that the Knights of Jedi are able to utilise, or what happened to Kenobi when he disappeared during the duel with Darth Vader, or why the designers of the Death Star would leave such an obvious chink in its armour as that conveniently-placed exhaust vent, and so on.

As Lucas willingly admits, *Star Wars* has been cobbled together from a wide variety of different genre sources, that we get such favourite old western clichés as the scene where Luke returns to the old homestead to find it on fire and his family massacred, and the sequence in the alien saloon which mirrors countless similar ones in Hollywood westerns, including even the traditional brush with a bounty hunter—and in other sections of *Star Wars* we get what amounts to a futuristic pastiche of movies about the Second World War.

Grand Moff Tarkin (played by Peter Cushing) the embodiment of every evil Nazi officer to appear on the screen, and the climactic battle is really just *The Dam Busters* in Outer Space. In fact all the space battles in the film were choreographed from footage of WW 2 aerial dogfights which, virtually, work very well if one forgets that the space craft would be moving too fast to duplicate the manoeuvres of WW2 aircraft (in a real space battle you probably wouldn't even see your opponent, much less chase him around the sky at a distance of a few hundred feet).

Other sources of *Star Wars* include *The Wizard of Oz*—the golden robot Theepno is an updated version of the Tin Man and Chewbacca is really the Cowardly Lion—and Walt Disney's *Snow White* as Princess





Leia has a more than passing resemblance to Snow White (the same hair style, for instance) and the little robot Artoo is one of her loyal dwarfs. As for Darth Vader (played by David Prowse, a Hammer film regular) he's a cross between a James Bond villain and Marvel Comics' Dr Doom.

But Lucas has mixed all the various ingredients together very skilfully and, as he intended, the result is fun (there's also a nice line of humour running through the film) yet one can't help wishing that all the magnificent sets, effects and technical expertise and talent that went into the making of *Star Wars* hadn't been used to make something a little more original. Like most of the new young film makers Lucas seems obsessed with nostalgia—instead of making new films the trend is to make the old films, but better. With *THX 1138* Lucas proved he can make a sophisticated and intelligent sci movie, so, despite its technical brilliance, *Star Wars* represents something of a backward step.

But all this is just quibbling, I suppose, because one has to credit Lucas for putting real space opera on the screen at last (This Island Earth and, particularly, Forbidden Planet came close in the 1950s) and thanks to his familiarity with sf traditions



*Poster pair: Mark Hamill covers his escape to Han Solo's Corbelian starship, stealing the part that made the million-dollar selling Star Wars poster. His mission, to rescue Princess Leia, played by Ceri Fisher, daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, and an old hand at cliff-hangers. Her first job, Sharron, had her at the mercy of... Warren Beatty*

it's the nearest a film maker has come to cinematically realizing the settings, hardware, landscapes and other elements that have been the prime ingredients of so much written of since the 1930s.

One certainly can't quibble at all about the special effects in *Star Wars* which are truly remarkable and were achieved by a large team of people in both America and England. It's really the first time since 1961: *A Space Odyssey* that models have been used so impressively. Never, during the film, does one get the feeling that one is watching miniatures; all the space vehicles appear huge (particularly the Death Star itself which seems to have the dimensions of a small moon).

This general impression of size is established in the opening sequences of the film when a shot of the underside of a vast Imperial cruiser dominates the screen, giving one an idea of what a fish must experience when the Ark Royal passes overhead (the shot is so stunning it prompts audiences to break into spontaneous applause, as does a later shot showing what it might be like to suddenly start moving at faster-than-light speed).

In charge of the model photography was John Dykstra, a young effects man who had



*Battle stations: Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, Chewbacca and HGH (Her Galactic Highness) Princess Leia discuss their options in evading the dreaded Death Star. Not so difficult as it seems: Han Solo (Harrison Ford, from George Lucas' previous smash film hit, American Graffiti) is a mean hand on his starship armchairists.*





previously worked with Douglas Trumbull on *The Andromeda Strain* and *Sleat Running*. For 8 months he and his team of assistants worked in a Californian warehouse, which they'd transformed into an effects studio, producing 365 different effect shots for *Star Wars*—an incredible feat when one compares it to the 2 years it took the 2001 team to achieve the 35 effect shots in that film, and when one considers that sometimes one shot involved up to ten different image components (starry background, planet, various space ships, laser flashes, explosions etc) all of which had to be photographed separately and then combined on one piece of film.

The difference between the effects in 2001 and *Star Wars* centres on the fact that for the former picture its director, Stanley Kubrick, decided against using any of the automatic matting processes available, such as the blue screen system, because, though quick they often result in visible fringe lines around the models (the bright light from the background screen can be reflected by the edges of the model thus, in the case of a blue screen, producing a blue halo around the outline of the model in the completed composite).

So what Kubrick had his effects men do was hand-matte each model shot—in other words for each frame of film showing, say, a space ship gliding past a background of stars a hand-drawn matte was used to block out the stars behind the ship and thus prevent the stars showing through the

model in a double-exposure when the two films were combined. This technique gets the best results but is generally very time-consuming, so Dykstra decided to return to the blue screen process despite its drawbacks (the system creates automatic mattes through a complicated photographic process—for a more comprehensive explanation see my book *Movie Magic*).

Dykstra's main improvement to the process was to cut the risk of the model reflecting any blue light by using only part of the blue screen—the immediate area around the model—and blocking out the rest. This resulted in clear, sharp mattelines around the models without any of the usual blue fuzziness, enabling him to achieve a realism equal to Kubrick's but much more quickly.

Another of Dykstra's innovations was to link his effects camera up with a computer. As a rule an effects camera has to be kept as motionless as possible when recording the various elements for a composite shot in order to prevent a "jiggling" effect in the finished scene, which is why in 2001 all the effects shots are static, with the models all filmed from a fixed camera position. But the computer enabled the camera to be placed in *exactly* the same position each time a run-through of an effects shot was repeated, which meant that Dykstra was able to move the effects camera as much he wanted, knowing that the computer's memory would duplicate the same movements as many times as needed. The result



*Digital. Clad in kayaker starstroopers' Brian-men fun-balls, our heroes Luke and Han—with the overpriced See-Threeplo—squabble over rescue plans and shuggle (left) in the maw of the Death Star's garbage disposal system. A garbage-eating Doo-mage, in fact... or one remnant and one eye, until it is improved upon for one of the film's expected numerous sequels.*



is that, in *Star Wars*, the camera moves with the models, giving the impression in the space battles that some of the action is being filmed from another space ship thus greatly enhancing the realism.

While Dykstra and his team were working in Hollywood the rest of the *Star Wars* unit was working at the Elstree film studios in England, and also in Tunisia which stood in for Luke's desert world of Tatooine. In charge of the mechanical effects (that is, the effects involving the fall-out sets, the robots, full-scale explosions and so on) was British effects man John Stears who worked on many of the earlier

James Bond films like *Dr No* and *You Only Live Twice*.

One of his most impressive achievements in *Star Wars* was the creation of Luke's anti-gravity car which appears to be suspended in mid-air. This illusion was created by having the light, fibre-glass vehicle supported in different areas each time it was shown on the screen—therefore if the front of the vehicle was on screen the support was out of camera range at the back, and when the side of the car was shown the support was on the opposite side etc (several vehicles were constructed for use in different camera angles). And when the car

is shown moving, in a couple of sequences, with no support visible, entirely in long shot, this was achieved by matting out its under-carriage and replacing it with desert background, all of which was hand-painted for each frame of film, including the car's shadow.

Stears also created the laser swords (renamed light sabres) used by Kenobi, Luke and Darth Vader which he achieved by coating revolving rods with a highly reflective material that bounces back light aimed at it with increased intensity (similar to the material used on front projection screens) though in some scenes the light sabres were



*Hero. And villain. Mark Hamill as director George Lucas' alter-ego hero, Luke (as in Lucas, get it?) Skywalker, a young farmboy suddenly rescuing his dream princess (he we all dreamt we'd do one day. Along the way, he takes on all comers, including the Tusken Raiders.*



optically produced (that is, superimposed onto the film later).

Also very impressive are the enormous and spectacular sets in the film, all of which were designed by British production designer John Barry and were built at Elstree Studios (one particularly large set was constructed within the big 'H' stage at Shepperton Studios).

It was up to Lucas to combine all these different components, shot at different parts of the world at different times, into one complete and apparently seamless movie (as this he was aided by his wife Marcia Lucas who helped edit the picture).

and thus he certainly succeeded in doing. Whatever my personal reservations about the story I have to admit that *Star Wars* is

a landmark in the history of the cinema, and of the science fiction/fantasy cinema in particular. ■

#### STAR WARS (1977)

Mark Hamill (as *Luke Skywalker*), Harrison Ford (as *Han Solo*), Carrie Fisher (*Princess Leia Organa*), Peter Cushing (*Grand Moff Tarkin*), Alec Guinness (*Ben Kenobi*), Anthony Daniels (*Sar Threepio*), Kenny Baker (*Artoo-Deeto*), Peter Mayhew (*Chewbacca*), David Prowse (*Lord Darth Vader*).

Written and Directed by George Lucas.

Produced by Gary Kurtz, Production Design by John Barry, Director of Photography Gilbert Taylor, Music by John Williams, Special Photographic Effects Supervised by John Dykstra, Special Production and Mechanical Effects Supervised by John Stears, Film Editors Paul Hirsch, Marcia Lucas and Richard Chew, A Lucasfilm Ltd Production, Released by Twentieth Century-Fox. Time: 121 mins. Cert U.

# Media Macabre

## The Yetis are Coming

Hold your sharks, whales, bears, leas and other fantastical animal monster tales. The abominable snowman is coming out of the deep freeze to curlle your '78 blood. And this Italian-media snowman is none too happy about it. He has an American rival to contend with from another Italian producer at that — the infamously cut of all.

In the left corner: Rome producer Nicola Piovola of Stefano Films and his baby Yeti — **Big Foot**.

And in the right (not necessarily correct) corner, Italian producer Dino De Laurentis, now of Los Angeles, and his latest monster enterprise: Yeti — **The Abominable Snowman**.

A year and a sneeze ago Dino, of course, was caught in a similar double-exposure battle over **King Kong**. As he announced his project, Universal announced theirs. Dino took umbrage and nearly went to court over it. That time, he won. Though now he probably wishes he hadn't, following the less than sensational business of his wildly-over-hyped Kong. He's learned a very little, though. Hence, he's refusing to pull out of the Yeti race.

Indeed, it seems that Super Piovola is the fellow who has benefited most by Dino's luckless experiences in the monster field. Like Dino with Kong, Piovola has started shooting first, for instance (in snowy locations in Canada). Unlike Dino, however, Piovola did not begin production until he had his yeti monster made — and is fully electronic working order. Also unlike Dino, Piovola has not kept his creation under wraps, but shown it off, with some justifiable pride, to Rome news-men. Big bladders they are — 25 foot tall. Yes, not just one yeti — two of them.

And why two, you ask. Not another sequel in the offing before the original is even seen, maybe? No, or at least, not as yet. "I am shooting two different

endings", explains Nicola Piovola. "In one of them, my yeti is destroyed." And not at the box-office by Dino De Laurentis, or so he's trusting. We wish him well. He's got some cheek, after all. Fighting Dino, in much the same fashion as Dino, then the brash Hollywood newcomer, took on Universal and City Hall. And won. There's a monster of a moral in that somnolence!

Joins the WWs and Chaney's 1916 debut, *The Mystery of the Leaping Fish* all the way through *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Dracula* and *Murder on the Nile*. MGM and various Euro-archivers helped provide the films—it would be great to see them again in a National Film Theatre season. Pretty please? In the competition, Yugoslavia

went to Guido Hendrick's Belgian feature, *Experts of Evil* and Otto Foky's animated *Scenes With Bears* from Hungary. Rostia nabbed the event's first ever musical soundtrack trophy for Isaac Shivar's *The Flight of Mr. Mekinley*.

But old Tod and Lon stole everyone's thunder.

## Wizard News

Ralph Bakshi's *Wizards* — somewhat buried in the *Star Wars* triumph — has been nominated for the first-ever "best animated suspense feature" awards of the International Animated Film Society.

## TV Star Wake

Coming your way shortly as your friendly neighborhood TV network—*Star Cap*. A sort of science-fiction *Kojak* with, for a price, a successful robot sidekick. Don't say we didn't warn you.

## Serling's Farewell

Gone but not forgotten. The late host/creator of *Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery*. Red Serling has had his final script *Pender's People*, but the suddenly ill conscious screen Serling's scenario adapts Lord Dunsany's book about an inventor making a replica of himself which continues reproducing itself until he has a veritable robot army. Man behind the move it, but of course, George Pal, alas.

## SF's Best Pal

As the star-wake pattern continues apace in Hollywood, George Pal looks on in sceptical mood. Well, he has seen it all before. "But I hope none of the science fiction pictures will flop, because then they'll say, 'See, science fiction is a flash in the pan.'" Nat Pal's pan. His best two classics, *When Worlds Collide* (1951) and *The War of the Worlds* (1953) are being re-released by Paramount, and he's turning Robert Bloch's *The Days of the Comet* into a Paramount



Poster Art — Harry Novak  
Division No. 2. Oh, Damien—

that which The Green begins, Damien will never let us forget.

## Trieste Fest

Everyone was talking about it. What else? But *Star Wars* was sight unscored at the 15th Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival—the granddaddy of all movie festivals. No matter. The organizers had a real treat in store: a unique retrospective of Ted Browning and Lon Chaney covering 1914-1939. From, in fact, director Browning's actual acting debut in the ten-minute *Bill*

scratched top honors from *Wizards* and suchlike. *The Rat* *Sevior*, an allegorical number by Krysto Papic won The Golden Asteroid award. The Golden Seal went to Italy's short *Fantabiblical* by Guido Maraldi. Silver Asteroid acting awards were picked up by David Robinson in *Anthony Trifford's* British short *The Warp Reaction*—and Kate Reid in Canada's *The Ugly Little Boy*, based on the Isaac Asimov story by Don Thompson and Barry Motta. Special awards

# Media Macabre

## Max Rosenberg

producer of the old Amicus films and more recently the Barroquo trilogy of Earth's Core & Time Forget movies, has a new film under way, his 49th

Entitled *The Incredible Melting Man*, Columbia Film Distributors describe it as a "space shocker." It seems somewhat similar to Hammer's first Quarter mass in concept. An astronaut returns to Earth, but his con-

tracted a terrible disease which causes his flesh to liquify. Effects are by Rick Baker who handled both the *Exorcist* and *King Kong*. Co-producer is Sam (Carpenter) Gelfman, ex United Artists.

of course, that this combine will help produce the Universal series, and therefore our hero will soon be picking up more than his \$35,000 a show—as well as playing other roles in tele-movies and the live. His company has made one TV movie already, *A Matter of Inconvenience*—no, it's not about his wife leaving Charlie's Angels!



## TV Price

Vincent Price, meantime, has completed his latest TV film—the hour-long *Death Trap*, co-directed over here by Hugh Falkus, Bill Travers and James Hill. Price narrates over gruesome films of *Alyssa* spiders, tiger beetle gnats—and fascinating studies of plants feeding on animal life, such as the bladderwort (no kidding) and the inevitable *Venus Flytrap*. Enough to put one off gardening for life.

## Nosferatu—or Three!

Hot German director Werner Herzog—among the leading new wunderkinds of the current West German cinema revival—is planning his own version of the 1921 Friedrich Murnau classic: *Nosferatu*. Which in turn, of course, stems from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Herzog recently hypnotized the entire cast of his latest triumph, *Heart of Glass*. We doubt he'll need to do the same with his 1978 vampire . . . Klaus Kinski plays the title role. And to spite of us, Klaus always seems hypnotized. Well, he's coasted through many bad films—Italian horror included—than most guys we know.

## Cut, Cut and Away

Charles Schneer and Ray Harryhausen are beginning to muse over the possibility of a fourth *Sinbad* movie. "It might be called something like *Sinbad Goes To Mars*," says Schneer. How is he going to get there? "That," gins Schneer, is what we're trying to figure out." They've plenty of time to find the answer, as they're currently

multi-TV-series. He's also preparing for *The Return of the Time Machine*, a sequel to his 1960 *Time Machine*. "I'm scared of those huge budgets," says Pal. His *Time Machine* cost \$600,000—which would cover Robert Redford's eating expenses on a movie today.

## Jaws Ache

Jaws co-scenarist Carl Gottlieb rushed in as script-doctor for *Jaws 2*—at request of new director Jeannot Szwarc. Original script came from Howard Sackler—and Dorothy Truett, wife of sacked director John Hancock. TV role Jeannot Szwarc directed 21 of Red Sallinger's *Night Gallery* tales, Steven Spielberg made only two.

## Comics Comeback

No heroes like the old heroes. Or heroines, come to that. *Shanna, Queen of the Jungle*—

and all the 1940s comic strips—is among 1978's movies from United Artists. Michael Schell and David Spector are scripting for South American locations. Director and star still to be found.

Meantime *The Lone Ranger* is headed back to the screen as well—after 2,596 radio shows, two Republic movie serials, 221 TV episodes, 78 cartoon versions and 16 novels and thousands of strips, since Detroit's Radio WXYZ started him off in 1933.

## Armageddon Cont'd

Movie projects about the end of the world are not getting any fewer. Latest addition to the list of the movie equivalents of the guy walking the streets with his "End Is Nigh" sandwich boards is Larry Savadova's *This Is The Way The World Ends*. Nothing fictional, it's a documentary compilation of various disaster newsreels. Sounds like a

two-hour *News At Ten*. . . . But as someone here says, Armageddon led up to the premiere!

## Lady Fury

Bruce De Palma sure digs (ap) the ladies. Piper Laurie in *Carnie* was making her first movie in 15 years. Now in *The Fury*, De Palma re-discovers Carnie Snodgrass, absent from the screen since *Diary of a Mad Housewife* in 1951. An excellent actress—and being called Carnie probably helped De Palma remember her.

## Majors Development

Won't be long before Lee Majors is *The \$6 Million Dollar Man*—in the banks as well as on TV screens! The biopic plot has returned for a new series after winning a better deal. Not so much for himself, but his production company, Fawcett-Meyer Productions. Which means,

# Media Macabre

Donna and Jackie: Every man's fantasy. One man's nightmare.



Coming on strong in Hollywood, the new First American Films combines. With a faithful of

exploitable stars: Death Game, we hear, being their best. Starring Clint Eastwood's current favorite co-star, Sondra Locke.

developing Perseus and the Gorgon's Head, from the Greek legend of Perseus and Andromeda. Script is by Oxford Greek and Latin scholar Beverly Cross, who also penned *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. Fine — but how does a Greek and Latin scholar get *Sinbad* into outer space? Or is that just a silly question?

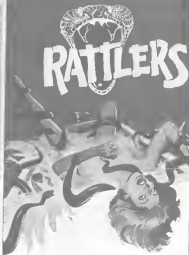
Meanwhile *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger* is having censorship troubles abroad. Like in Britain: the film's considered suitable for all ages in the US and Venezuela. But Egypt insisted on wiping out the film's opening

and closing Arabic prayer — checked and passed by Muslim experts in London. West Germany has cut out Patrick Wayne spearing the tiger in the climatic fight — and still banned the movie for sex acts under six years. Without the spearing, shearing, the film would have been banned to under-twelves.

## In Brief . . .

Mark Hamill's last movie since *Star Wars* is MGM's *Stargay*. Or it was. Robert Mitchum's chip off the dimpled block, Chris Mitchum is in a film entitled

A FILM PRODUCTION BY HARRY A. BROWN



Poster Art: Henry Novak. Division No. 1. Winning ad art from Henry's Boxoffice Inter-

venant! But the nipping query remains. Does the movie live up to the art? Tune, alone and. HoH will tell.

*Selegay*, too. (Makes a change from *R*.) Legal tussle ahead. Who cares? Neither film is as if as title sounds. About ten chases, both.

Anyone who felt we were exaggerating about the sliced-up fate of *Everest II* (see HoH 14 & 15), think again. New Yorker Brian Camp (no kidding), writing to Variety recently, said when he caught the film — "the film's closing credits appeared right in the middle of a scene." Keynote!

Humansimals, the registered,

copyrighted, trademark name for the creatures in AIP's *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, is no newsworthy word after all. Lou Breslow wrote and directed a Universal comedy in 1951 about dead animals reincarnated as people. Or as the title called them: *Humansimals*. Another legal tussle?

Richard A. Baker, monkey-mad stuntman and the best humanimal around Hollywood, is the guy who begged for and got the role of King Kong in the *Dino de Laurentis* no make. He was, sure enough much assisted by the



# Media Macabre

hydraulic machine monster Baker shows what he thinks of the film in his latest outing in a monkey-suit in the satirical film, **The Kentucky Fried Movie**, he plays a gonilla Narnad Doo.

and Hollywood's latest sexy movie quack is called **Star Wars**.

## Superstar

We've been picking up on odd facts about the selection of unknown Christopher Reeve as the screen's brand-new **Superman**. Apparently he's being paid very well indeed, to avoid any feelings of exploitation, and thereby any excuse to run away from the projected series of four movies, the way previously unknown Sean Connery left 007

Chris was chosen from, in all, more than 200 other possibles including, would you believe, the dentist of one of the Salked professor-brothers' wives. And (honest) Elton John.

The movie positively boggles

## Star Supers

Americans sure know how to sell a movie. Well, a hit movie. And how to latch on to a hit's coat tails. We mean (naturally) **Star Wars**. The Los Angeles end of the mighty ABC TV network (KABC-TV to be precise) staged a Galactic Wars Week in last summer. With all the movie's stars on talk shows—even the incredibly mopey Aluc: Gannicus (Cee reports really he truly says he never understood a single thing about the script).

Various experts discussed fetate fashions. Even the producers of **Class Encounters** got in on it. And Sandy Guegan, star actress of Guey's up coming **Cat From Outer Space**. Best part of the week, though, was the 3.30 KABC movie. Every day an extra-terrestrial winner showed. Such as **Journey to the Far Side of the Sun**, **The First Man in the Moon**, **Genesis II**, **The Time Machine** and **The Omega Man**. Follow that, BBC.

## Superwriters

Robert Benton and David Newman—the **Bonnie and Clyde** scripters who took over the Mario **Superman** screens and felt it best to split it into two movies—are completing a modern

day horror-thriller set on the streets of New York. Title: **Star Subject**. Jack the Ripper. American style circa 1970's.

Benton says the **Poco/Beast**/Newman **Superman** script has since been rewritten by Newman and his wife and yet again by 007's occasional writer, Tom Markiewicz. "But I must say I'd like to do another version." Gosh? Because I think **Superman** is the great schizophrene of our age? "So do we." "Do the one hand. Be can do everything. Be the other hand, as Clint East, Be can do nothing. And there's this wonderful sexual triangle between one woman and two aspects of the same man. But nobody seems to want to do it as goshy as this." Not the man from BC Comics, that's for sure. —T.C.

## BOOK news



## Reference Guide to Fantastic Films

**M**ost fantasy film fans, it is said, must have at one time started compiling their own Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror film index or listing. At the beginning it is quite an arduous process: until you begin to realize that most expense of detailing that lies before you.

Many have collected in terms of sub genre (Disco, Gothic Horror, etc.), even by studio (MGM, Universal, etc.).

others list by decade (1930's, 1950's etc.) and many by theme (Zombie movies, Mad Doctor movies etc). Now even it is the gigantic scale that once indicated, usually defines the most respected and well-reviewed film.

Walt Lee as a guide in his last volume wants "This Reference Guide to Fantastic Films: a preliminary publication, it is a three-part project out a finished work. I am gradually aware of how much is still to be done." Looking at Mr. Lee's new complete three volumes of **Reference Guide to Fantastic Film: Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror** (Chico, Cal: Shoehorn 1977/78/79) it is virtual manual collection he comprehended the formidable task that this gentleman undertook—and completed. That is within the difference he colorfully believes. Fantasy movies do have a habit of communally appearing.

If you can imagine a sort of these volumes that began with a film entitled **A** in **Walt** (Gothic/Fantasy annotated short) and complete itself with the film entitled **Z** (Zwarte Stude, the silent German picture of 1923/24) with an alphabetical indexing of everything between, then you realize Walt Lee is brilliant indeed.

Volume One (A to F) contains a most pertinent "descriptive" chapter that details the acceptable elements which make up the ingredients of Fantasy and Science Fiction. "Terms" and "background information." For example, if the fantastic element in a film is intended to be beyond science and natural logic, and the scientific method is not applicable, the film called fantasy. "If the scientific method can be applied to the fantastic

element the film is science fiction." Because the unknown is so often frightening, supernatural phenomena are commonly depicted in horror films. In fact, some films that are not actually science fiction in fantasy often achieve their effect by seeming to be. "Mr. Lee obviously expands much further on these details.

All three volumes also have quite a lengthy section devoted to precise definitions from the fantastic field. **The Black Review** (1962), for example, has no fantastic content but may seem (by its title) as if it could have. This extremely convenient listing continues through all three books and helps clear up the mystery regarding many titles.

Walt Lee is indexing, thorough, consists of the fullest factual listings.

See an example below:

**Book of Death, The**

**1959 French Horror (U) color**

**58 mins**

**Cast:** Paul Walcott, Corinne

**Prod:** Jacques Rivette

**Dir:** Jacques Rivette

**SP:** James Gargan, Peter Ryan and

**Editor:** Perry

**Art-D:** Bernard Besson

**Make up:** Ray Austin

**Cost:** Jack Allen

**Soft:** Sylvain Passieu

**Dir:** Alfred G.

**Mr:** Maurice Wilkerson

**Cost:** Peter Goshaw, David Paul

(Lynch), Marion Hunt, Yvonne

**Marion:** Françoise Jackson, Mike

**Malikow:** Marie Westhouse

**Michael:** Roger

**SP:** Johny Walter, onto special divisions

**as appears (after) whether (dispute**

**of Death)**

**Art:** 11/19/1978: 11/19/1978: 11/19/1978

**as shown in (after) (after) (after)**

**See also:** (after) (after) (after)

Along with Volume Two (G to Z) and Volume Three (P to Z) the total price is set at \$80. By way of introduction to Volume Two, Christopher Lee has written "It is with pleasure and admiration that I commend to you the reader of this book the work and the diligence of one who has so faithfully and accurately recorded the contribution of the Cinema to the immensely popular field. Robert Blackman in Volume Three with his introduction and Perry Acknowledges says on this last line saying: The work is a masterpiece of the imagination is a masterpiece.

These books do not go without photo illustrations. In fact, Walt Lee has secured a vast collection of photographs to embellish his pages—140 in all.

Anyone wishing to have at their fingertips all the reference details to the 7,000+ so fantastic films produced since the beginning of the century should invest in this invaluable reference work.

For those involved in research and genre study these books will prove indispensable. It is no wonder that major film archives the world over have Walt Lee's work on their shelves as an integral part of their reference library.

Because of its highly specialized nature the **Reference Guide** is not generally available at bookstores. Individually purchased, Volume One is \$40 and Volume Two and Three are \$35 each. The total price for the set is \$125.48 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Write directly to: Walt Lee, Post Office Box 66772, Los Angeles, Ca 90016 U.S.A. (By International Money Order).

T.V.



*Wendy (Nestle Brand) swings her murderous scythe, hellbent on doing some damage to Hooper*

Review by David Pirie

Just about everything surrounding **The Texas Chainsaw Massacre**, the debut movie of Tobe Hooper, has made some kind of history. Jury anecdotes surround it like flies: the set swam in vomit and blood, he was nearly lynched by the cast during shooting, an actress was ordered to work until she fainted from exhaustion. Even now at least one actor has sworn he will kill Hooper if he ever sees him again. The film itself became a legend; picked for the exclusive Cine's Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival it made a small fortune and attracted controversy wherever it was shown, including a knock-down drag-out preview debate at London's National Film Theatre from which few of the participants emerged with credit. But as a *film*, Texas seemed to work in inverse proportion to the seriousness with which it was treated. Taken on any level except humour it doesn't add up to anything very much; but as a kind of souped-up horror comedy in which every character was more revolting than the next, including (especially) the victims, Texas was a novelty. It took the 'woman-in-jeopardy' theme about as far as it could go, and culled its decay with all the lurid enthusiasm and relish of an EC horror comic.

**Death Trap**, Tobe Hooper's new movie was unveiled at the Cannes Film Festival in 1976 and it seems to prove the point that Hooper is far closer to William M. Gaines than George Romero. In fact all the evidence suggests that **Death Trap** was partly inspired by an EC story, a Jack Davis swamp-horror opus in the January 'Haunt of Fear' for 1954 called **Country Clubbing**. The setting and central character are identical and the film is very recognisably set in EC's decaying swamp-land, peopled with degenerate cretins, crumbling broken-down shacks and hungry alligators.

The budget is obviously low but Hooper makes up for it by the same device he used in Texas of transforming the entire action into one impossibly prolonged shock/horror climax.

When some colleagues of mine turned up for the last twenty minutes, and said they were glad to see the climax, I had difficulty in explaining to them that the entire film was exactly like that. It was *all* climax!

There is no real plot to speak of. A prostitute is thrown out of the local whorehouse for not behaving herself and finds herself in the heart of the swamp-land with nowhere to go for help except to a decaying shack which turns out, laughably, to be an ancient motel. The set, specially built





*Two potential victims flee in blind terror from Judd's decaying Motel*



*Above left: Ray (William Finley) is gassed with the scythe and fed to the alligators. Below left: the results of Judd's handiwork. Above: Harvey Wood (Mel Ferrer) needs a good end*

in Hollywood, looks spectacular if tiny: a dark bulk of a building surrounded by blackened trees and knee-high mist. The lecherous owner makes a pass at the girl and then wastes no time in making her the first of a long string of victims for which he utilizes anything so hard, especially his long scythe and the friendly alligator under the porch. Gradually, for unexplained reasons, other visitors arrive at the motel including an ugly couple with a repulsive child. In line with Texas few of these people have any redeeming features, and the young husband in particular is a timorous psychotic creep. All of them fall victim to their host who gibbers and raves his way through the movie, turning up the radio in the hall to hide the screams and moving at a crouched loping run, brandishing the sharp and lethal scythe. One woman is tied up in the small room, others fall foul (in close-up) of the scythe or the alligator. Only the little girl manages to crawl underneath the house where she remains, screaming her head off, as the alligator snaps at her more interesting limbs.

Help is at hand in the unlikely form of Stuart Whitman, playing the local sheriff, but his intervention does not come till the

last few minutes by which time few characters remain and the little girl is impaled on the top of a fence only inches away from the alligator's clicking jaws. Finally the old man becomes a victim of his pet and only his artificial limb breaks the surface of the water in a neat and explicit reference to the legend of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*.

As this last touch suggests *Death Trap* is very much a kid's movie for adults (though it will be interesting to see what certificate it gets in the more lenient climate of America). Hooper quarreled violently with his producer and is reported to be unhappy with the way the film was edited. It probably won't help his career, but certainly deserves a showing.

#### DEATH TRAP (1976)

Neville Brand (as Judd), Stuart Whitman (Sheriff Harriet), Carolyn Jones (Miss Harriet), Mel Ferrer (Harvey Wood), William Finley (Ray), with Cynthia Squire, Roberts Collins, Robert Englund, Jann Lynn and Kyle Richards. Directed by Tobe Hooper. Produced by Mard Roston, Co-Produced by Al Pan. Executive Producer Mohammed Roston. No British Certificate

one minute they're perfectly normal **THE NEXT...**

# RABID

Review by Tony Crowley

**F**irst off, one has to make it clear that no matter what you choose to think, *Rabid* has nothing whatsoever to do with rabies.

This is something else.

So, for that matter is the very word: *rabid*. As my well-thumbed Penguin English dictionary explained . . .

*Rabid* (*Rabid*) adj. *raging, violent, mad, fanatical; infected with rabies.*

So, instead of rabies, Canadian director David Cronenberg, is making full use here of the other shades of meaning.

This film is a quick follow-up to Cronenberg's stomach-heaving hit, *Shivers*. Almost a re-make, come to that, as it's pretty well the same again.

Cronenberg obviously feels after his first three movies (*Scanners*, 1969; *Crimes of the Future*, 1970; and *Shivers*, 1975), that he has a certain reputation to live up to. So he tries, hard. However, he leaves so many gaping loopholes cluttering his script, that he somewhat damages the senseness of his action, much of which is superb, nail-grawing stuff. The bleak, night-time scene of garbage disposal wagons wheeling around a quarantined Montreal, for instance, marred by home guard men firing bloodless corpses in the back of the trucks. Frighteningly awesome (however much borrowed from *Saylent Green*).

The film opens with Rose (Marilyn Chambers) zooming along on her boyfriend's motor-bike. Next minute, she's pinned under the burning wreck of the bike in a terrible crash with only a half-hour's life left in her.

Fortunately she's saved in some unmentionable (and unexplained) form of grub-operation using 'neutral field tissue'.

She wakes from a coma after the cosmetic-surgeon's handiwork, screaming "No!" But, too late, whatever it is that has entered her body, it is locked firmly inside. And ravenously hungry. So off goes Rose on her rabid bender . . . Sucking people's blood clear out of their bodies. (How she manages this is impossible to report. Cronenberg never dwells long on



*Caught in the act! Rose makes short work of an innocent by-stander.*



Above: the body-disposal unit stop to fling Rose (Marilyn Chambers) into a truck. Below: the grisly results of Rose's handiwork.



In this still from the operation scene, the surgeons remove a piece of "neutral field tissue" from Rose's leg.

the hows of his story.)

In one scene, for instance, Rose has what appears to be a reverse-action hypo-syringe device implanted just above her stomach, which punctures her victims and cleans their blood-tanks dry. Yet in another sequence, this parasitical organ seems to be a whole new mouth just under one armpit, which works in a similar horrendous fashion.

It's safe, I think, to surmise that David Cronenberg edited out various explanatory-narrative sequences in an effort to keep his film moving apace. Look now, ask questions later.

In that department, he succeeds extremely well. This film has fine pace, excellent rhythm—and an increasingly voyeuristic intensity. It never fades out either. Never has the chance to, Jean Laferrière's ultra-taut editing sees to that.

We're simply expected to fill in any offending plot-gaps ourselves, as we follow poor Rose's violent new life-style. She breaks out of the clinic, having infected her surgical saviour, and plenty of the patients and staff—leaving one nurse stuffed inside the drugs-fridge—and starts prowling the streets in search of more victims. More blood. Like some technological war par-

The city fights back at what the chief medical officer inevitably sees as a rabies epidemic. "The worst attack of the century." With the fastest incubation period known to medical history. "So don't let anybody bite you," warns a clipped-toned United Nations medical expert on the TV news.

But it's not rabies. It's, well, something else. Rose has it and passes it about with frighteningly high frequency. She transmits it, as someone explains, yet remains immune to its fatal aspects. Meantime, the cops are out hitting the bricks, warning anyone with blood or foam on their lips—even gassing down a store's Santa Claus in the crossfire!

Marilyn finds temporary shelter in a girlfriend's flat, locking herself away from her mate, and literally trying to sweat out her malady on the bathroom floor. She cannot eat anything her friend cooks. Food makes her violently ill. Blood alone satisfies her appetite. She phones her boyfriend, but there's little he can do. And so she's back on the streets... and is soon swung bodily into a refuse wagon...

Her leather-trousered boyfriend, Hart Read (Frank Moore) is helpless. Not to say hopeless. The clinic's business brain, played by Joe Silver, steals all Moore's

scenes (and everyone else's) with some finely honed, humanistic playing. I doubt Cronenberg cut much of Joe's scenes. Nor many of Rose/Marilyn Chambers', either, who is more than adequate as the quite innocent carrier of this blood-sucking disease.

Most memorable and moving is the touching scene where she tries to explain her dreadful predicament to her lover, by phone. "I'm still me... I have to have blood. It's all I can eat. But... I'm still me!"

RAIND (Canada: RAGE, 1977)

Marilyn Chambers (as Rose), Frank Moore (Hart Read), Joe Silver (Murray Cypher), Howard Ryskind (Dr. Dan Keloid), Patricia Gage (Dr. Roxanne Keloid), Susan Roman (Misty Rose), J. Roger Penard (Lloyd Weisk), Lynne Deragon (Nurse Leslie)

Written and Directed by David Cronenberg, Produced by Dan Reitman, Andre Link and John Dewing, Photographed by Rose Verdier, Edited by Jean Laferrière, Music by Ivan Reitman, Distributed by Alpha Films, A Cinema Entertainment Enterprises (Montreal) Production.

Time: 90 mins

Cart. X

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ERLED FROM HIS MONASTERY AFTER HIS  
CATASTROPHIC BATTLE WITH THE DEMON  
HUNGRIKUTX. FATHER SHANDOR WANDERS  
THE FOREST BORDERS OF EASTERN EUROPE,  
HOLDING STONY BONES THAT MAKE THE COOL  
WATERS OF A PLACID RIVER TOO GREAT  
A TEMPTATION TO RESIST.



YET EVEN THE MOST PLACID  
RIVER FLOWS ON UNCEASINGLY  
LIKE TIME ITSELF. AND JUST  
AS TIME BRINGS DEATH TO ALL  
MEN, SO THE RIVER BRINGS A  
DEAD MAN TO THIS MOMENT  
IN TIME.



HOWEVER, SHANDOR'S  
NATURAL SURPRISE  
SOON TURNS TO DREAD  
FASCINATION... FOR THE  
CROSSBONES FOREHEAD  
BOARS A STAIN HE  
KNOWS TOO WELL. THE  
SIGN OF THE HORNS  
THE MARK OF SATAN!



RIVER OF CORPSES...

# TOWER OF DEATH

YET AS SHANDOR GOES TO  
REST FOR THE DEAD MAN'S  
LAST GAZE, A SECOND BODY  
APPEARS... A THIRD... A  
FOURTH...



AND SHANDOR'S ATTENTION  
TURNS AWAY FROM THE  
EFFECT TO THE CAUSE OF  
THIS GRUESOME FLUTELA

AND IT IS THAT CHASE WHICH MUST  
CONCERN THE DEMON-STRUCK  
PRIEST

ANOTHER ONE! SOMEWHERE  
UPSTREAM THERE IS WORK  
FOR ME... AND ALL THE  
KNOWLEDGE AND  
WEAPONS I POSSESS



YET NO FEND WANTS TO GREET SHANDOR AS HE  
APPROACHES. ONLY A STYING, TWISTED INDIVIDUAL,  
COMING THE DEAD IN THE EASIEST WAY HE KNOWS

YOU THERE? IN THE  
NAME OF GOD!  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
DOING?



BUT THE MAN IS MORE IN THE MOOD FOR  
FLIGHT THAN ANSWERING QUESTIONS

GO AWAY! WELL, PERHAPS THE  
MORROW WILL TALK



YET AS HE MOVES FORWARD, SHANDOR SEES SOMETHING FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE - A FLITTING SHADOW, COME AND GONE IN AN INSTANT.



SHANDOR WOULD THINK NOTHING OF IT - BUT A SUDDEN SCREAM FROM THE CHAIR OF THE FOREST UNDEFEATIBLE HORROR EVILSHEMES THE NORMAL ORDER OF CREATION.



CLAMMY SKIN... FLESH LIKE PUTTY... HE'S CERTAINLY DEAD... BUT CAN HE BE KILLED AGAIN?

BUT SHANDOR'S EYES TELL HIM THAT THIS IS REAL - AND DANGEROUS!

YET IT IS SOME DAYS SINCE THE MEN LIVED... AND DEAD MUSCLES HAVE LITTLE STRENGTH. ROUNDS DISLOCATE EASILY - AND THE CORNER'S NECK SNAPS UNDER DISTURBINGLY LITTLE PRESSURE.



DESPITE HIS HORROR, SHANDOR LOOKS DOWN WITH COMPRESSION BY A MAN TWICE-KILLED, HARDLY NOTICING THE GUY MOVING TOWARD HIM.

AND NOT NOTICING THE OTHER CORPSE BY ALL - NOR THE SHADOW THAT BARELY CRINKLES ITS FACE - NOR THE SUDDEN SWAPPING OPEN OF ITS EYES.



BUT THE STAY CLICKING OF ITS FINGERS IS UNMISTAKABLE. THE RATTLING GRASP OF BONE IN ITS THROAT QUOTE HORRORS.



THIS TIME, THOUGH, SHANDOR IS NOT DEFENCELESS.



AND HE HAS LEARNED MUCH FROM HIS FIRST BATTLE.



BUT IF THE SHADOW HAS DISAPPEARED, THE HORROR IS FAR FROM OVER.





HOLY! NOW EVEN THE TREES HAVE MURDEROUS LIFE! THIS IS MORE THAN MERE MORTAL STRENGTH CAN OVERCOME!

ONLY MAGIC WILL LOOSEN THIS EVIL'S HOLD!

DIURSIUM VINCLULA  
MELI, TIBI SCRIP-  
TUMUS AGOSTINI  
LAUDIS ET NOMEN  
INVOCABO

AND AS THE ANCIENT INVOCATION  
FLUTES FROM SHARDOR'S LIPS,  
THE LIVING MAGG STIFFENS,  
DRIES, CRACKS... AND DIES...

KEEP STILL, GIRL! THE  
DANGER IS PAST! YOU'LL BE  
SAFE SOON ENOUGH.

BUT AS SHARDOR SWAPS THE  
WITHERED BRANCHES...

THAT SHADOW BEHIND!  
THIS MUST HAVE BEEN MERELY  
A DIVERSION TO COVER  
ITS ESCAPE!

AYE, PRIEST!  
THAT IS MY MASTER  
THARNOTOS!

THARNOTOS? A STRANGE NAME  
THE NAME OF DEATH ITSELF!

AND IT FITS ONLY TOO  
WELL! YOU MUST LEAVE  
HERE, PRIEST! YOU HAVE  
BETRAYED MY MASTER!  
BUT I WILL DO WHAT  
I CAN TO PLEASE  
HIM.

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, GIRL! IT IS I WHO SHOULD STAY!  
AS A MAN OF GOD, I MUST DESTROY EVIL IN ALL ITS  
FORMS! IT IS YOU WHO SHOULD FLEE! AFTER YOU  
HAVE TOLD ME HOW TO FIND YOUR MASTER!

I SHALL TAKE YOU TO HIM  
IF YOU INSIST, FOOLISH MONK,  
BUT I CANNOT FLEE! FOR IF  
THARNOTOS IS MASTER OF  
DEATH, HE IS ALSO MASTER  
OF LIFE... MY LIFE  
AT LEAST.

THE GIRL'S NAME IS  
SELVA, A PRETTY  
ENOUGH NAME, BUT  
FOR ITS SORCEROUS  
CONNECTION WITH  
THE ANCIENT MAG-  
GODESS... A LINK  
WHICH MAKES  
SHARDOR DOUBT  
CAUTIOUS AS  
THEY APPROACH  
THEIR DESTINATION.

THERE IS STILL TIME TO  
TURN BACK, SHARDOR!  
I CANNOT HELP YOU ONCE  
YOU ENTER THOSE DARK  
PORTALS, EVEN IF I  
WISHED TO!

I WOULD PAY FOR YOU, GIRL, IF THERE WAS  
TIME! BUT WHAT DARK POWER DOES THARNOTOS  
HOLD OVER YOU?

HE HOLDS MY SOUL IN BONDAGE, PRIEST!  
UNTIL THE COMING OF THE GREAT DAY! UNTIL  
THEN, IT IS AS IF I WERE CONSIDERED TO THE FLAMES  
OF HELL AT HIS SLIGHTEST WHIM!

THE GIRL LIPES INTO SILENCE THEN, UNTIL FINALLY  
THEY STAND BEFORE DANGEROUS GATES OF THARNOTOS'S  
BLACK TOWER.

DO NOT ENTER,  
SHARDOR! YOUR  
POWERS ARE  
NOTHING COM-  
PARED TO THOSE  
OF THARNOTOS!  
ONLY DEATH  
WOUNDS... AND  
AFTER DEATH,  
HARDER!

I CANNOT  
TURN BACK,  
SELVA! AND  
WHILE I STILL  
HAVE THE SWORD  
OF ARCHANGEL-  
SUS, MY  
STRENGTH WILL  
NOT FAULT!

BUT SHARDOR KNOWS  
HIS WEAKS ARE  
AKERS GUARDING FOR  
THE SWORD WAS  
DROPPED BY MAGIC  
POWER IN HIS GUTTER  
WITH SHARDOR'S  
BUT THE FIRST  
ATTACK REVEALS  
NO SORCEROUS  
DEFENCE...

KRAABARRGH!

AND SOMETIMES THE LORD'S WORK IS BEST CARRIED OUT WITH THE CLENCHED FIST!



TOO AWAY!  
ARE YOU THE BEST  
THARATOS CAN SEND  
AGAINST ME?

DOING THAT SURE DISTURBED, SQUINTING  
ONLY HIS UNUSUAL RESEMBLANCE FOR SHARDOR,  
LIVING.



BY ALL THINGS  
MAY I CAN THIS BE  
THARATOS?

YOUR VELLOW  
WAS AN OFFENSE AN  
EXPECTED. BUT I  
UNDETERMINED. I HE  
RETURNED YOUR OWN  
MAN TO YOU.

BEFORE SHARDOR CAN  
KIDNAP, SHARDOR KNOWS  
THAT THE LORD... NOW  
MEANS THE LORDS OF A  
HIGH PROTEST.

FORGIVE ME, SHARDOR,  
BUT UNTIL THE WORLD  
BELONGS TO JERAMSHIELA  
AND HER BROTHER, MY  
SOUL BELONGS TO  
THARATOS.



AND  
WHEN IT DOES,  
YOUR SOUL WILL  
NOT BE WORTH  
REGAINING. BUT I  
SHALL STOP THIS  
FOUL DOGGEREL'S  
RITUALS... EVEN  
AT THE COST OF  
MY OWN LIFE.

NOW, PLEASE!  
YOUR MARCHES ARE  
TOO HIGH, AND YOU  
CANNOT REACH ME.  
BUT THIS CASE IS NO  
BARRIER TO MY JOURNEY!

THARATOS IT SUGGESTED  
JOINT, ENTRANCED...  
THE BEFORE SHARDOR'S  
STUNNED GAZE. A  
FLYING SHARDOR SLIDES  
UP FROM THE JONCE.  
LET'S GO! THE  
SHARDOR ME AND  
HALF-SEEN ENHANCE...



SHARDOR DOES NOT  
KNOW IF THIS IS THE  
SOUL OF THARATOS  
FOR HE HAS NEVER  
SEEN A NAKED SOUL.  
THE GODDESS CALLED  
IT A SHARDOR... AND  
THAT WAS DO...

DO NOT  
FIGHT, SHARDOR!  
ACCEPT YOUR EYES  
AND AVOID PAIN!  
YOU KNOW THARATOS  
CAN ENHANCE  
ANYTHING... THE  
DEAD, TREES,  
EVEN STONE!

ANYTHING  
WITHOUT A SOUL,  
IN FACT, HIS  
ATTACK COULD  
COME FROM ANY  
DIRECTION.



IT WOULD BE UNBELIEVABLE  
IF IT WERE NOT SO DANGEROUS  
ONE... BUT BEFORE  
SHARDOR'S EYES A  
GODDESS. FEAR IN STONE,  
STARTS TO MOVE, FASTER  
STILL IN LIFE... AND MOVING  
THINGS THEMSELVES FREE...



SHANNON WISHED FROM HEAVEN, AND SO, WITH  
FAR CANTER, JARROLD PROCEEDED FORWARD.

WELCOME  
REDACTED &  
KILL ONE  
I HAVE  
YOUR CHAIR  
YOU

THOUGHTFUL OF YOU,  
SHANNON, FOR I WILL HAVE  
ONE OF HIS SERVANTS SOON  
DOWN... TO DISPOSE OF YOUR  
BUT, ONCE I HAVE KILLED  
FUTILENESS AND SORROW.

SHANNON  
WISHED  
FROM  
HEAVEN  
AND SO,  
WITH  
FAR CANTER,  
JARROLD  
PROCEEDED  
FORWARD.

AND SHANNON WISH  
HE ATTACK

FOR AN INSTANT, THE  
UNIVERSE HOLDS ITS  
BREATH, AS THE DARK  
MASTERS OF DARK  
BATTLES WITH THE  
AGENT OF LIGHT... FOR  
THE FATE OF A WORLD.

BUT NOW  
FALLEN, HE  
DIES AGAIN.

BUT IT IS  
SHANNON  
WHO KILLS

INCREDIBLY OLD, HIS VOICE RASPY, SOFTLY, THANKS  
HIMSELF TO EIGHT, KNOWING SHANNON CANNOT  
REACH HIM WITHIN HIS DIVINE CHAIR.

YOU ARE DOUBLY WELCOME,  
SHANNON, FOR THE SURFACE OF  
A PRIEST WILL BE DOUBLY  
PLEASANT TO ONE WHO  
SHANNON. THAT IS WHY I  
FORCED BELONG TO TAKE  
YOU HERE...

SHANNON THAT EXPLAINS  
WHY YOUR VICTIMS  
WERE ALL MEN, BUT  
THAT MEANS YOU  
SHANNON...

JARROLD  
DEMAN - SECTOR OF  
REDACTED

AND ASKING, WILLINGNESS?



LET IF THE IMPACT SHATTERS THE  
GROUNDS, IT ALSO SHAKES SHANDOR...  
WHILE THE SHADE OF THAMMOS  
ASCENDS ONCE MORE...



GIVE UP SHANDOR!  
LET YOUR SOUL  
DEPART EASILY!

BUT THIS TIME THAMMOS DOES NOT CHOOSE  
AN OVERWHELMING DEFECT... HIS SHADE  
MOVES TOWARD SOLVIA OVERHEARDLY  
AND, PLUNGING INTO HER LIVING BODY...



NO, THAMMOS!  
MURDER! YOU SWORE...  
NOT TWO SOULS IN ONE  
BODY! I CAN'T  
STAND THE PAIN!

NO MATTER WHAT SHE HAD DONE IN THE  
PAST, SHANDOR IS MOVED TO COM-  
PASSION AS HE WATCHES SELVIA  
STRUGGLE... FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE...  
AND HER OWN...



YOU PROMISED  
ME THAMMOS  
PROMISED YOU'D  
NEVER SHANDOR!

BECAUSE  
I'VE USED  
YOUR FORM, AND I  
WILL LIVE IF  
FIGHTING AM IS  
USELESS!

BUT SOLVIA DOES FIGHT, AND  
IF SHE CANNOT WIN, SHE CAN  
AT LEAST REVENGE

KILL ME, SHANDOR... KILL  
ME NOW WHILE I HOLD THAMMOS  
WITHIN MYSELF PLEASE. THEN  
WE WILL BOTH GO TO  
CELESTION TOGETHER!



I  
CANNOT

I CANNOT KILL. MUCH  
LESS SEND YOUR SOUL TO  
THE HELL. IT'S SURELY  
DESTINED FOR

OH, SHANDOR.  
HOW HYPOCRITICAL  
YOU ARE. YOU FORCE  
ME TO

HOW  
SUICIDE TO  
MY HEART  
SINS?



PART FOR MY SOUL, SHANDOR



TWO THING, WHEN THE  
ANGEL OF DEATH RINGS  
WILL NO LONGER, TWO  
ARE TOGETHER... TWO  
TOGETHER, LOCKED IN  
HATED

AND SHANDOR CAN  
ONLY REMEMBER HIS  
HOLLYN PICTURE...  
TORN FROM... AND  
LEAVE TWO MORE  
DEAD IN THE TOWER  
OF DEATH...



THE END

# MATCHBOX

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# HAMMERHEAD

-An interview with Michael Carreras



Recently we've been receiving lots of letters for both Answer Desk and Post Mortem asking for more information on Hammer Films' current projects and the company's history. We've had an equal amount of post suggesting we feature interviews with Hammer stars both behind and in front of the camera.

To try and fulfil all Hammer Films questions and as we are currently preparing the 'official' history of

Hammer Films this issue sees the start of our regular Hammer Interview feature in which Hammer magazine talks to Hammer Films.

As he's the man ultimately responsible for all decisions on upcoming productions and knows more about the company's past than possibly anyone else we're starting at the top with Michael Carreras, Managing Director of Hammer. Interview by John Brosnan and Dez Skinn.

Talking to Michael Carreras we naturally covered a wide variety of subjects, including Hammer's forthcoming films such as *Nesle*, *The Lady Vanishes* and *Vind the Impaler*, and a planned series of made-for-television horror films.

But in this, the first of a two-part interview, Michael Carreras describes his own past and present involvement in the company as producer, writer and director.

**MICHAEL CARRERAS:** First of all, so many incorrect things have been written about Hammer's origins that I'd like to take this opportunity to set the record straight.

It all started with a man known as Will Hammer, whose real name was William Hinds. He had two names because as Will Hinds he was a very serious and successful business man—(on the jewellery retail trade)—and as Will Hammer he was a stand-up vaudeville comic who used to perform on 'The Boreds'. His interest in other performers led him to open his own booking agency and with a number of jugglers, truck cyclists and others he started booking his own shows into his own theatres. And that was how he became theatrically involved.

In the early 1930s he formed a company called Hammer Films which received in a small number of films—including *Sons of The River*. But that company had absolutely nothing to do with the Hammer Company of today. What happened then, having been in those ventures, was that William Hinds began looking round for a wider interest in the film industry? He came across a man named Enrique Carreras, my grandfather, who at that time owned and operated a small distribution company called Exclusive Films. They joined forces and started off with a marvellous deal that got the company on its feet—they managed to get the re-issue rights to many of Alexander Korda's London Film productions which included some of Laurence Olivier's earliest films. In the late 1940s the company went into production as well as distribution and a number of films were produced under the Exclusive banner (these will be fully detailed in the upcoming History of Hammer series—Dec.). But in late 1947 it was decided to re-activate the Hammer Company as its production arm and all following productions were known as Hammer Films.

**HoH:** How and when did you become involved in the Company?

**MC:** I joined it when it was still Exclusive Films. After leaving school I had 18 months to waste before I was due to be conscripted into the army—they took you at 18 in those days—so I spent the time at Exclusive's office in Wardour Street working as the Director of Publicity,

which sounded grand but simply meant that I was merely in charge of mailing out stills and posters every week to the cinemas that were showing their films!

Then I spent two years in the Grenadier Guards and came out in the summer of 1947, at the same time that Exclusive decided to go into film production in a serious way. I joined the unit as general dogbody.

Toni Hinds was the official producer. He had already had some general production experience working on the Exclusive productions—I didn't produce a picture until 1950 but had a go at almost everything during the time between. Tony did it all... Aterally did it all. His contribution was enormous because he also wrote many of the better Hammer films under the pseudonym of John Elder. He really was the major force in the development of Hammer productions.

**HoH:** Why isn't he still with the company?

**MC:** He retired years ago. I don't know exactly why. But I do think he became somewhat disillusioned with the British film industry. He had decided that he didn't want to go on being known as the

when you think of the amount of employment he was giving to British technicians. **HoH:** When did your father, now Sir James Carreras, become involved in the film industry?

**MC:** My father started as a cinema manager. Before Exclusive my grandfather owned what was the first circuit of cinemas in this country, known as The Blue Hall. When I say "circuit" I'm exaggerating—it was only three or four really. But he was the first man ever to build two cinemas back-to-back and show the same film simultaneously—the Blue Hall in Hammer-smith was the first cinema in this country to have two entrances and two screens showing the same thing. He was also the first man ever to put on a Royal Command Performance, for which he hired the Albert Hall. He was really quite an extraordinary man and in his own small way made quite a mark on British cinema. After the war, just as I was going into the army, my father came out and joined forces with my grandfather, Will Hammer and Toni Hinds.

**HoH:** Was it always your personal ambition to work in the film business?



*A rare behind-the-scenes look at the actual shooting of Hammer's **The Lost Continent** (1960). Michael Carreras, directing, stands behind a spotlight (wearing white shirt), upper left of picture.*

Hammer producer so he did something that I think was very courageous. He wanted to learn other aspects of film making so he applied to the ACTT (the film technicians' union) for a ticket to work in a much lower position for other companies, and they refused him! I don't think he ever recovered from that. It was a terrible thing to do on the union's part

**MC:** No. I always wanted to be a musician. Jazz was my total interest. Long before I ever started cutting out pictures of Betty Grable's legs I was a big fan of Harry James, the jazz trumpeter who she eventually married. I was much more interested in his music than her legs, which shows you what a stupid kid I was!

**HoH:** Didn't you once make a series of



Little-seen trade promotional poster for Hammer's 1957 film, *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

short jazz films?

MC: Yes. That was when Cinemascope first came into use. In fact the first Cinemascope film made in this country were a series of featurettes directed by me called *Band Parade*. I had a marvelous time with those.

Hall: During your career you've written, directed and produced films. What aspect of film-making interests you most of all?

MC: I think that the initial writing of the film is the most fascinating aspect of film-making because it's the basic, creative idea, the blueprint for the film that is eventually made. When people send me scripts to read I find it utterly boring as I would much rather people just sent me the *idea* for the film. After all, when you've just seen a film you don't quote the dialogue, you say—"Have you seen that film? It's about so and so..." And usually the shorter the presentation of the idea the better it is. So writing is the most exciting part of film-making, the actual creation of an exciting idea. But I would never want to be a professional writer because it can be a very lonely and frustrating process—filming those 120 pages of script. Producing is the most functional portion of our industry because first you have to find the right idea, then you've got to find the right person to write it, then the right person to direct it, and *then* where you can make or break your deal. If you pick the right director it's beautiful, but if you pick the wrong one it's agony.

As a producer I interfere with everybody's writing, which may or may not be a good thing, but you cannot interfere with directing. If you employ a man to direct a picture you've got to let him get on with it. You can't have two people directing though you can have as many people writing a film as you like. Unfortunately,

during my career I've made a few wrong decisions and have had to replace directors on occasions. As for directing itself, it is the most fascinating thing of all—it is a total agonizing experience.

Hall: How did you become a director? MC: Well, I think any producer who wants to improve his knowledge of the business should direct at some point because it makes you a better producer. It enables you to understand the problems of the physical side of making a film—all the interruptions and distractions, such as when the production department can't provide you with what you want, and when the producer doesn't understand what you are doing. It's the most satisfying side of the business as well as being the most frustrating. I got into directing back in 1957 when United Artists were financing a war film of ours called *The Steel Bayonet*. I asked them if I could direct it, and they said yes. That gave me a taste for directing but there weren't any other opportunities to direct within the Hammer company and so, in the early 1960's, I left Hammer for a while and went off on my own.

First I made a film called *What A Crazy World*, which was based on a marvelous show I saw in Joan Littlewood's theatre in Stratford. I managed to get financial backing from ABC (now EMI) and I did something I always wanted to do—I took the cameras into the streets of London; into the East End, and shot the film there. We incorporated the pop stars of that time, including Joe Brown, Marty Wilde and Susan Maughan, as well as Harry H. Corbett (of *Septet* fame) and Michael Ripper (a Hammer film regular). It was, for me, one of the best films I've made and I thoroughly enjoyed doing it. It's been, without question, a totally underrated film.

Then I went to Spain and, with MGM's

partial backing and Spanish money, I made the first Western there (*The Savage Guns*)—it started the whole trend of making Westerns in Spain. This was long before the Italians started making their "spaghetti" westerns. Then, having directed those two things and, presumably because neither of them were *awfully* bad, Hammer asked me to direct another picture for them, which was *Mandrill* in 1962. In fact I went straight from Spain to the South of France where *Mandrill* was going to be shot. Then, having got back into the Hammer fold, I returned to England and directed one of the Hammer films (*The Curse Of The Mummy's Tomb*, 1964).

"If you pick the right director it's beautiful, but if you pick the wrong one it's agony."

During the rest of the 1960's I directed other Hammer films, including *The Lost Continent* and *Slave Girls*. The latter film arose from an economic situation—we had built an extraordinary set at Elstree Studios for *One Million Years BC* so we made *Slave Girls* as an economic quickie to use the set and all the costumes from the previous film. But I made one terrible mistake on that film—it should have had speech bubbles because it was the *perfection* comic strip film. If we went back now and re-edited it, putting in balloons with the words DUCH and ARGHHH, it would be great (Laughter).

Hall: What's your method of working as a director?

MC: Well, after I'd directed about five pictures I was interviewed by somebody who asked me: "Michael, how do you find the technical difference between Cinema-



*Laana (Ragnar Weick) and Tonalak (John Richardson) are hunted by a gigantic Triceratops in One Million Years BC (1966)*



scope and normal lenses?" As I started to answer I suddenly realized I didn't have an answer! I had never directed anything in my life that wasn't in Cinemascope and there I was talking about directing. I didn't even know about normal lenses because, in those days, there were only two Cinemascope lenses—one for a wide shot and one for a close-up. That really brought me down to earth.

Actually the person who helped me a lot was a camera operator named Les Harris. One day when I was doing my first picture with him I asked his advice on a camera set-up and he said: "Don't ask me, I'm only the operator. What you must do is take the viewfinder in your hand and imagine you're sitting in the Odeon Leicester Square and ask yourself what you want to see up on the screen." So that's what I tried to do, I walked around the set pretending I was sitting in a cinema looking at a screen.

**HoH:** Have you ever directed a film with someone else as the producer?

**MC:** Physically, yes. But I always had the



*A relaxed and bearded Michael Carreras on location with the crew of One Million Years BC.*

many times it hurts. Look, I'm a successful producer but it took me three years to get my eldest son a union ticket to work in the industry. The only advice that I can give is that if you really want to work in the industry then you've just got to keep trying. It won't be easy. There is a lot of rubbish spoken about the various film schools but don't waste your time. Anyone who enrolls in a film school should first find out whether the certificate they issue at the end of the course is recognised by the union, and the answer is usually no. In fact I don't know of any film school that is recognised by the union myself, though I might be wrong. Without a union ticket there's no way you can get to work in the industry.

**"There is a lot of rubbish spoken about film schools, but don't waste your time."**

**HoH:** What if someone has a great idea for a Hammer film? What should they do?

**MC:** If you've got the ultimate idea for a film the first thing you should do is try and get a Literary Agent interested. He's a professional and will know the best things to do with it. If you came straight to Hammer with a good idea you might get

4p for it but if it's really good and it turned out to be a successful book or play you could make a small fortune because then all the film companies would have to compete for the rights.

**HoH:** Then is it worthwhile at all for people who think they have great ideas for films to submit them to Hammer?

**MC:** We will all starve if people with ideas stop gushing, but they've got to expect to receive rejection slips. I'm afraid I have to send out several every week.

**HoH:** Do you have any final advice for our readers on the subject of trying to break into the film business?

**MC:** All I can say is that if you really believe in your talent keep going. I would like to say that there is a way of achieving it quickly if you do such-and-such-a-thing but I just don't know of any such way.

Next issue, in part two of this exclusive interview, Michael Carreras will discuss the problems of filmmaking in today's world as well as providing information on Hammer's existing forthcoming projects, including their lavish production *Vlad The Impaler*, which will be based on the exploits of the true-life figure Vlad Tepes who inspired Bram Stoker to create Dracula.



*The trade advertisement for Hammer's second major horror film, Dracula (1958)*

overall financial responsibility. Therefore whether anyone thinks any of the pictures I've directed show directional promise or not I will never know for sure until I've directed a picture for somebody else. You see there's so much conflict when you're trying to do both jobs that I don't know if I've ever given myself a fair chance as a director. A lot of good friends of mine have told me that I'm a good producer but not much of a director. I don't disagree with them but I'd like to give myself the test of working for another producer who carries those other responsibilities himself.

**HoH:** Have you any advice for any of our readers who want to get into the movies as a writer or a director?

**MC:** No. I've been asked this question so

# STAR WARS

## MASKS TO BE WON!



C-3PO



STORMTROOPER



CHEWBACCA



DARTH VADER

It's a helmet! It's a head!  
You can get any of these four  
Incredible characters from the  
Greatest Space Fantasy of all time.

**W**AY, way back in *HoH* 4 when we ran our "free holiday in Transylvania" competition, which was limited to the over-18s, we promised a future competition for all readers.

And this is it!

Chances are, unless you've been in hibernation for the last couple of months, you're aware of the biggest science fantasy film epic currently playing around the world... *STAR WARS*.

And, just to prove that when we do feature a competition, we don't mess around, the prizes are no less than 200 top quality, American made, Star Wars full-head masks. In fact, top quality is an understatement! These masks are currently retailing in the States for as much as \$35 each.

Plus, if you're not one of the lucky 200, we've also got 50 Star Wars paperbacks and records as consolation prizes.

All you have to do to be on your way to possibly winning one of our fabulous prizes is answer the following ten science fiction film questions correctly.

Write your answers on a postcard (sorry, no envelopes) and the first two hundred correct entries pulled out of a bag on January 31st will be the winning ones. The next 50 correct entries picked will receive consolation prizes.

And be sure to cut out the special "entry stamp" from this page and attach it to your postcard. The correct answers will appear in *House of Hammer* 18, and the names of the winners shortly thereafter.

Also, as a favour to your ever-curious *HoH* staff, when entering the competition how about letting us know your favourite three features in this issue and the one feature you liked least of all. (All feature titles are given on page three.)

Send your postcards, with your answers, the entry stamp, your list of favourite/least favourite features in *HoH* 18, and your name, age and address to:

**STAR WARS COMPETITION, House of Hammer, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W.1.**

... and be sure your card reaches us by January 31st, when editor Dax Skinn and a Star Wars personality will do the judging.

As Obi Wan would say ... "And may the force go with you".

1. The aliens in *This Island Earth* came from which of the following planets ... (a) Bellus, (b) Mataluna, or (c) Zyra?
2. The 1939 Republic serial *Buck Rogers*, starring Buster Crabbe, was set in the 25th Century. True or false?
3. In which city did the thrilling climax of *20 Million Miles to Earth* (1957) take place?
4. At the end of which science-fantasy film were the audiences warned to "Keep watching the skies!"?
5. The extra-terrestrial in United Artists' *The Man From Planet X* (1951) landed in which country of the world?
6. Rod Taylor's *Time Machine* takes him far into the future where he helps a

pecifist race of people against their barbarous rulers. What were the names of these two races?

7. In *Star Wars*, Ben Kenobi saves Luke Skywalker from the Sandpeople. But what was the other name for them?
8. He appeared in the 1952 Republic serial *Zombies of the Stratosphere*, and later shot to fame in the *Star Trek* tv series. Who is he?
9. Below, right, is an unusual photograph of some props from *Star Wars*. What are the three objects?
10. Below, left, is another unusual photograph, again featuring a piece of equipment that appeared in *Star Wars*. Though it is partially dismantled, can you say on which planet/world/star or spaceship it appeared?



**HoH STAR WARS  
STAMP**

# PSYCHO



Classic Corner time. With a difference. Seventeen years after the blood-curdling fact, *HoH* has the rarely-seen storyboard of the screen's most grisly horror murder . . . *Psycho!* Plus, at last, the answer to the shower-stall's major question. Who actually directed the shower-stabbing? Alfred Hitchcock . . . or Saul Bass?

The exclusive answer comes from a chapter in our critic Tony Crawley's third film book. *Scrubbers. An Illustrated History of the Bath Scene in Movies*, currently being finalised for publication.

This is the most imitated killing in movies. Whether in straight drama, cop-art, Western or horror films. This is the definitive cause (celebrity) of all the screen's slayings in the bathroom—where the shiny, often bright white porcelain surrounds make a perfect (and so slippery) background for red blood, spurting, dripping, congealing.

This, of course, is Janet Leigh (and her double) in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, 1960.

"Normally," says Hitch, "any studio would have made her the love interest. I wanted to shock the audience—bumping her off early." Cue for his also much-copied gimmick that "no one, but no one" be allowed to enter the cinema after the film had begun unrolling.

But a major controversy still rages around this classic murder sequence. And one far more important than was a ketchup or chocolate sauce doubling for the blood swirling down the bath-tub's drain. Quite simply, this query is: who really masterminded and directed the stabbing of Janet Leigh?

In his master book on *The Master* (Hitchcock, Secker and Warburg) French director François Truffaut, an acknowledged Hitch-buff, listened the killing to a rape and Hitchcock told him how the sequence was shot.

Or, how he remembered it. Or, at least, how he wanted it to be remembered.



#### THE HITCHCOCK VERSION.

"It took us seven days. . . there were 70 camera set-ups for 45 seconds of footage. We had a scene specially made up with the blood that was supposed to spurt away from the knife, but I didn't use it. I used a live girl instead, a naked model who stood in for Janet Leigh. We only showed Miss Leigh's hands, shoulders and head. All the rest was the stand-in.

"Naturally, the knife never touched the body, it was all done in the montage. I shot some of it in slow motion so as to cover the details. The slow shots were not accelerated later on. . . they were inserted in the montage so as to give an impression of normal speed."

That's all well and good and quite technical. At the time most people, like a

kid actor in one of Hitchcock's films, only wanted to know . . . 'o'mon, was it chocolate sauce?"

The more vital truth of the matter—one of the best kept secrets in movie history—is that Hitchcock did not direct the sequence at all. Saul Bass did and he has never officially been credited for anything else other than choreographing the scene . . . until now.

In order to plan the shock murder, step by bloody step, Hitchcock called upon the services of the veteran graphic designer, Saul Bass—until *Psycho*, better known for his remarkable new genre of credit-titles; mainly for Otto Preminger movies: *Carmen Jones*, *Advise and Consent*, *Exodus*, etc. Indeed, all the winning main-title formats of the last twenty years or so (particularly the 007 titles) were greatly influenced by Saul's initial and quite revolutionary switch from the conventional roll of names, or worse still, those campy, fluttering pages of a book, featuring all the film's stars and technicians.

Two years after *Psycho*, Bass directed one set of titles which proved a hundred per cent better than the film they were fronting: the memorable black cat on the prowl for *Walk on the Wild Side*.

And so, Saul Bass it was who storyboarded the *Psycho* stabbing.

And he also directed the sequence on a closed set with Hitchcock in close and constant attendance. It was his directing debut.

"He was very nice about it," says Bass. "I thought it was a generous thing for him to do his picture. I learned a lot from it and very nice things emerged from it."

No credit, though. Or none beyond that for "title-design".

#### THE BASS VERSION

There were two cuts that Hitch added when I was through. We were on the stage three or four days, then I sat down with George Tompkins, the editor, and together we edited the footage. When we were through, Hitch added two cuts. A shot of the knife going into her belly—done in reverse. And some blood splattering. He felt it was too bloodless.

"I thought it would be interesting to do a bloodless murder, with only blood at the end, going down the drain. With all the water from the shower, the blood might—or might not—have been washed away immediately. Could have worked either way. Hitch felt he needed the blood, so he added the cuts."

And yes, the blood was chocolate sauce. And the worst problem Bass had to contend with.

"Originally, I planned the pallway from the dead eye (see storyboard) with a little trickle of blood coming out from under the face and moving towards the camera—with the camera pallway away in sort of retreat. So we built a special tiled floor seven locked it to create an unperceptible depression through

which we could direct the route of the blood and stuff. It didn't work!

"We worked at it like forever and finally gave it up and did just the straight pallway from where she drapes over the floor."

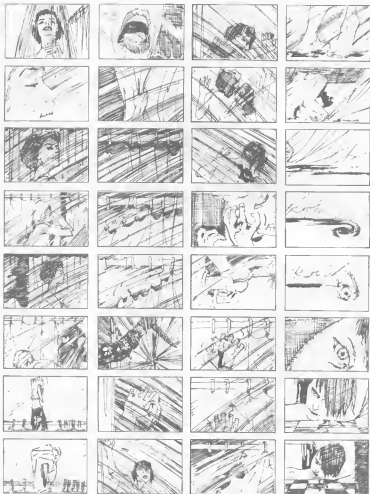
So now you know!



Uncredited. Saul Bass, the quiet man behind the *Psycho* stabbing, remains cool and far from annoyed about never being credited for his direction of the sequence. Instead, he's grateful still to Hitchcock for the opportunity, which indeed led to more direct filming capsule shorts for the New York World's Fair, much of the *Spartacus* battle; the light-screening in *Grand Prix*; and his first feature, *Phase IV*, a winning of look or anti, made in Britain, 1972.

But it's his credit-title revolution that Saul is always to be remembered—and thanked—for. Beginning with work for Otto Preminger, he designed logo-symbols for films—the flaming rose of *Carmen Jones*, 1954, in the *Northwest* rights of *Such Good Friends*, 1971. These movie trade-marks soon evolved and entered in his title-designs, also include the segmented corpse of *Anatomy of a Murder*; the flip-top *Capital* lid of *Advise and Consent*; the angular arm with clashing fingers of *The Man With The Golden Arm*. This arm, always outstretched, became his pet theme: brandishing a sword, *Spartacus*; riffs, *Exodus*; three balloons, *One, Two, Three*; in a US naval scene for *In Harm's Way*; and protruding from a globe, finally, latched on to a bagful of dollars for *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. His greatest, largest and most expensive animated titles (\$20,000 for six minutes) came with the episode for *Around The World In 80 Days*.

Later on, he began shooting special footage for his titles. A scene of frenzied streets for *Something Wild*; a stopwatch rolling through *The Big Country*; *Blister* dancing for *The Victims*; and years ahead of his time—and equivalent—the famous helicopter opening, sweeping right down to the flicking finger in *West Side Story* . . . where he had the actual credits clocked up on a wall. *Blackout*. "I'm making the audience's expectation. . . I try to reach for a simple visual phrase that tells you what the picture is about. It's an eye going mad with the jail, for each treatment just because you buy the idea (really). No matter how good, how brilliant an idea may be, if it doesn't blend with the film there's only one thing right—throw it away. Oh, like a fly you work for justice etc. But it is now. Get rid of it. And start again."





# Answer

This month's Answer Desk column serves a dual purpose. A sad one we would rather do without. William Castle died this year, and so, partially in answer to Richard Andrews of *Newcastle upon Tyne* and Tony Norton of *Leigh-on-Sea*, who enquired about Castle's film *Bug*, plus requests from Michael Carter, Steve Hutchinson, Anthony Harrison and John Skaggs for information on other William Castle films, this column is given over to a brief retrospective by Tim Fehrmann.

Affectionately known as the "Master of Movie Horror", producer-director of mainly low-budget films William Castle died, after suffering a heart attack on May 31, at the University of California Medical Center, Los Angeles.

Castle reached his peak of success during the late 1950s and early 1960s with such exploitation fare as *Macabre* (1958), *House on Haunted Hill* (1959) and *The Tingler* (1959). His biggest success, financially, came with *Rosemary's Baby* in 1968 (directed by Roman Polanski).

A New Yorker by birth, Castle turned up in Hollywood in 1939 after spending time producing and writing, and went on to produce or direct over 100 films, his credits up to 1956 include *The Whistler* (1944), *Mark of the Whistler* (1944), *The Crime Doctor's Warning* (1945), *Mysterious Intruder* (1946), *The Gentleman From Nowhere* (1948), *The Fat Man* (1951), *Serpent of the Nile* (1951), *Slaves of Babylon* (1953), *Battle of Regue River* (1954), *The American* (1955) and *Unsublim Boon* (1956).

In 1958 Castle brought out the first of his gimmicky films *Macabre*; this one guaranteed the audience "One thousand dollars in case of death by fright". A gruesome horror film involving burying people alive, this picture blazed the trail in assaulting the connoisseur with outrageous publicity saturation ("If it frightens you to death—you'll be buried free of charge"). Following this was *House on Haunted Hill*, which must be the heaviest of heavy-handed old dark house chillers. Here, Vincent Price comes across as his most malevolent while inviting a motley selection of guests to stay the night in a ghastly mansion. "See it with someone with warm hands" claimed the publicity. During the film's original release, the gimmick was to have (at the appropriate time in the film) a skeleton zoom out of the screen and fly



Above: the terrified heroine (Audrey Dalton) cries before the knife in *Mr. Sardonicus* (1962). Below: *Mr. Sardonicus* (Gus Ruffo) contemptuously turns away from one of his victims. Right: the hero (Bradford Dillman) tries to fight off the ghost insects in *Bug* (1975).



over the heads of the audience; this cheap-thrill process was called "Emergo" by Castle.

Castle's next one, *The Tingler*, had an even more bizarre gimmick to it. The story basically concerns a doctor (Vincent Price, again) who is trying to find what actually makes a person scared. He soon discovers that it is a ro-i-no-little centipede-like creature ("the tinger") that attaches itself to the spine. At one stage of the plot he succeeds in capturing the creature but it escapes and gets loose in a cinema. At this point Castle's effects went into action. The scene is where the *Tingler* crawls over the legs of a cinema audience and then slowly starts climbing up a girl's leg—a switch is thrown in the real cinema and a

gentle tingle of electricity buzzes every member of the viewing audience in their pre-wired seats. One can imagine the audiences' reaction to this gimmick, during *The Tingler*'s first-run release.

Special "ghost-viewers" were given to the audience when they went to see Castle's 13 *Ghosts*, in 1960. This little 3-D type device enabled the audience to see the title characters in a process they called "Bliss-O" ("See the ghosts in Ectoplasmic color"). On seeing this film, when it first opened, the posters warned you "If you should only count 12 ghosts on the screen don't feel cheated—One of them likes to mingle with the audience".

In '61 he followed with *Homicidal* and



# Desk



Mr. Sardonicus, both atmospheric black and white productions. *Homicidal*, quite an effectively scary picture, featured a 'Fright Break' whereby the audience were given a chance to get the hell out of it before Castle delivered the gruesome goods. The 'Fright Break' appeared in the form of a small clock ticking away sixty-seconds on the screen in preparation for the film's final big shock sequence. The production was styled very much in the tradition of Hitchcock's *Psycho*, the plot structure particularly. Mr. Sardonicus, based on the story by Ray Russell, was in the same mould as *The Man Who Laughs*, featuring Guy Rolfe as the title character with a permanent grin like a skull.



*Fear in the night: A grisly corpse springs to life in Castle's 1959 film, The Tingler*

Castle followed through with *Zotz* (1962), *13 Frightened Girls* (1963), and *The Old Dark House* (1963), the latter a co-production remake of the famous James Whale film with Hammer. This one was generally played for laughs ('The ghost doesn't walk in this family... it runs!').

1963's *Strait-Jacket* featured the late Joan Crawford in a turn of a story that saw 'her husband... her room... another woman... and the sherry are... so close...'. *The Night Walker*, with Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, and *I Saw What You Did*, with Joan Crawford and John Ireland, continued Castle's line of chills.

His television work included the role of

producer-director on the *Mex of Annapolis* series and producer on the *Meet McGraw* series. Most recently Castle acted as executive producer for NBC-TV's *Ghost Story* (Circle of Fear) series.

But, his latest film, received many bad reviews and failed to score at the box-office, and *Shanks* (made in 1973), with Marcel Marceau as a crazed puppeteer who controls dead bodies, has yet to be released in Britain.

In 1976 G. P. Putman published his autobiography, 'Step Right Up! I'm Gonna Scare the Pants Off America'. In a preparatory stage, at the time of his death, William Castle had 200 Lakeside Drive lined up for MGM.

# Post Mortem



Rs House of Hammer After having somewhat major interest in the category of film, I think that my comments I make are quite valid. Anyway you asked for comments so here are mine.

All of the comic-stripe should be totally erased, there are plenty of horror comics on sale for those who crave such. But there are few magazines dealing seriously with horror films. You state these comic-strips are for those who missed the films when first released, but surely this is a childish way of portraying them. I had to wait a number of years till I saw Mr Lee don his cape and fangs. Wouldn't it be better to devote the total waste of space to those who never get much or no recognition for their efforts in the field.

The article on Mr Lee hardly did him credit, but better than nothing. The bibliography was excellent, next to the point.

**Media Macabre:** In Vol. 1 No. 1, you went overboard on De Palma in a laborious detailing of his career. Perhaps he was topical before publication? In No. 7 you seemed devoid of news, is the genre having a slump? No. 3 had more to offer but you will include the disaster cycle films which are hardly interesting! Rollerball for instance had an intentional amount of sex in it! No. 4 you persist in news of non-genre films, such as *Alphaville* 77. No. 5 gives another disaster full coverage and the next one-liners. No. 2 had news of wildlife running amok (*Squidm*), but are they in the horror-fantasy-sci-fi grouping? Mr Hammer a great computer in the field, had his death covered, take a leaf from *CoF* and do a *Neology* instead. No. 6 was somewhat better but rather thin on news.

**Horror Around the World:** No. 1 had a good article on a country little heard from. No. 4: good again, but only 1½ pages. Occasional articles like this are truncated to accommodate the liberal space given to the comic brigade. No. 2 was rather crammed with titles with multiple storylines, with certain films given more space.

**Effectively Speaking:** Although these series give the fan a behind-the-scenes look, it is a

mixed effect.

**Drinkers of Blood:** Much of the article was too familiar to be of interest.

**Favourite Things:** By Mr Brocken had two film recommendations (*It's Alive* and *Deathline*) which were both repellent in taste and content. I see no merit in being physically sickened by such repulsive acts.

**Answer Desk:** Gives some of the reasons why *HoH* is still in its present form. One being that the under-five aren't allowed to stay up late. Then having no intelligent questions to ask, they request pictures! It could get better but I doubt it at the current rate.

**Competition Winners:** What was so impressive about the number of correct answers so matter how young the answers? It takes no brains or effort to look up what were obviously simple questions. Source material is readily available, either publicly or privately.

**The Ormen:** A review that went the whole hog, of some who have contributed little or nothing to the genre. Mr Brocken denigrates the origins of this film, but should be grateful that they ever got on film to make them so popular to copy.

**The Golden Age of Horror:** I find Mr Gifford's books better than these tedious series of articles. The contents are banal and chronically fellible to say the least. In one he gives us *Bale* instead of *Boris* which a hardly a change.

**The Devil's Men:** Looks hardly worthy of its two main stars, one being Mr Plassence, another actor badly neglected in an article on his contribution to the field.

**Collecting:** Should have taken up all of page 35, a lot more could have been said even without the *Fennec* exclusion.

**Post Mortem:** Is the most biased page there is. The patronisation is overwhelming and the criticisms irate. Are the letters hand-picked in favour of *HoH*? If this is so I doubt if this letter gets to see print.

**Daughters of the Night:** Lack of the courtesy of a title, and one must refer to the contents page to find out what one is reading. Again we have a rekind

of old chestnuts by someone with a tongue-twisting name.

**Frankenstein:** Is rolled out for the umpteenth time as an excuse to exclude Mr D. Cressidine's interpretation. The *Gallery* was incomplete, dig deeper. Who is R. Roder, why has inclusion?

**Night of the Living Dead:** A good review and follow-up, credit listing should be continued.

**Creatures from the Deep:** Kicks off by endorsing that *Jaws* was a horror film. Shark attack has no fantasy element and sharks do attack mindlessly go for a specific victim, without being supernaturally inclined. Mr Holmes private life and *Moby Dick* read not have been included. These were peddling for a lobby article.

**Monsters from the East:** Another ranty or something new, but let's hope they are not all like *Gelbabe*.

**Terrible Monsters:** The is more like it, but which meaning did the title convey to the article? **Deranged:** A good feature article, but will the film get general release? If *Chainsaw* is anything to go by, I doubt it.

**Mexican Monsters:** An excellent article, at least we had the titles translated. But again invariably too short.

**To the Devil—A Daughter:** Give a lot of coverage to some people who don't figure much in the field. The film was lousy anyway and the behind the scenes article revealed nothing new to warrant a 2 page spread.

**The Devil's Other Children:** Covered this kind of theme privatised after *The Exorcist*, but included films covered elsewhere, rather repetitiously.

**Texaco Chainsaw Medecine:** Mr Fleming gives a ludicrous review, why rehash it at all if it's that bad? Except for local shewage most of us will probably not see it, so where's the logic? A ridiculous waste of good space better employed elsewhere.

**Blood and Guts:** A nice title, I don't think this sort of thing gives the genre a bad name. Why include the two westerns which are outside the horror category? Wholly unnecessary except as peddling.

**The Crazies:** Another ludicrous review, a total waste.

In closing, if my comments are a bit caustic they only serve to get a better magazine. Other magazines of this type have merged on the idiotic and I have been most disappointed with their efforts. The best I managed to obtain for only a short time was *Castle of Frankenstein* which itself was somewhat erratic. I hope my effort in getting through to you and yours will not end up in the waste basket.

W. K. Brinsley,  
address unknown.

In answer to that lengthy message from Mr. Brinsley (who chose not to give his address when writing in), the following was prepared with the thought of offering every reader an insight on the general intentions and policies involved in the production of *House of Hammer* magazine.

*Unrated fantasy and filmed fantasy* are contrary to popular belief closely related. Both utilize dramatic visuals to relate a story and have for a long time borrowed themes, stories, and characters from each other. In terms of filmed subgenres, consider *Flash Gordon*, *Batman*, *Die Hard*, *Tales From the Crypt*, etc. The other end of the line brings you for example, the American illustrated publications on *Logan's Run*, 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, *Planet of the Apes*, etc. Surely, Britain must be the only country, these days, that still retains the misty tradition of illustrated stories being for either magazine or the radio, in offering an illustrated coverage of early Hammer films. *HoH* has never considered itself to be catering for the "B&B the Bear" contingent!

Obviously, the article on Christopher Lee was in no way intended as the definitive breakdown of the actor's career in terms of critical evaluation. This approach, rarely, would be best left to the authors of hardback tomes who can also at a limited readership (the Chris Lee fans) and have the page-count to enable in-depth analysis of each film. An important point to consider on this topic, is that it is unrealistic to presume that one's

appreciation of a certain subject or theme is automatically universal. Besides, there is now approximately 15 years of accumulated literature available on every aspect of Christopher Lee so any further pursuit would result in duplication.

Director Brian DePalma now suddenly is a cult figure, has been contributing imaginative films to the genre well before his recent "commercial" venture *Carrie*. It is only unfortunate that a more handful of aficionados were able to pick up on and enjoy his earlier material (*Blood Sisters*, *Obsession*, *Murder à l'Mode*, etc.) so it is only logical that when an opportunity arose to detail DePalma's talents in print we ward ahead. From your comment, Mr. Brinsley, one would have thought that you (having "a somewhat major interest") would have been at least conscious of the creative Mr. DePalma.

"Quater films" come very much into the fantasy category unless the film deals with an actual event, then it would be either a documentary or a dramatization. Until Los Angeles is devastated by an Earthquake, the film is sheer fantasy; until there is a 128-story building in San Francisco, and it also happens to catch fire, *Towering Inferno* can be nothing else but fantasy. Anything that is set in the future, scientifically based or otherwise, spins into the fantasy genre. A horror film (terror is a more suitable term), needless to say, is a film where there is a deliberate attempt to frighten or unsettle the audience. *Jaws*, like *Psycho*, was made with the intention of scaring the hell out of the audience.

"Honor Around the World" aims itself at illuminating the fantasy-film output of countries otherwise neglected countries, with the emphasis on films that really make it to these shores. The general theme of the article is to associate the reader with the various film characters and plot structures relating to the particular country. It acts as a break from the more familiar Anglo-American productions and actors.

Effectively Speaking was a section purely devoted to the special effects. By covering this area of filmmaking in a way that can be accepted and understood by the majority of English-speaking people the reader is given an insight to an otherwise neglected field.

John Brown's My Favorite Things is pure and simply a selection of reflective thoughts by the author on films not unknown to the masses. When a

casual audience leaves the theatre after viewing a film each person takes with them (hopefully) certain memories of a scene or/and disgust. Only a small few will have thoughts that coincide, and it would be absurd to expect everyone to fall in with one's own conclusions.

The purpose of *Answer Dusk* is to supply exactly what the heading implies: answers. If the reply to a reader's request is by way of detailed information, then the answer appears in the text. If an illustration can fulfil a particular request then the appropriate still is printed. The section serves simply to offer various readers information (to verify or otherwise) they may not easily find elsewhere.

Regarding the Competition Winners, Mr. Brinsley, your notes were put into print by way of acknowledging from the magazine for their efforts in attempting the quiz. Your comments on this seem to make it obvious that you must consider yourself an elitist among fantasy-film buffs, probably not wanting to place yourself alongside the "younger element".

*The Omen* was viewed and then reviewed by John Brown with the critical evaluation based on his experience as a film critic and genre authority. Reviews are usually annoying to some and pleasing to others, never intended to pacify and humble the reader.

John Gifford's *Golden Age of Horror* may shortly be appearing in book form, adding to his already popular list of literature on the genre. Needless to say, it will sell as successfully as all his other works, proving that there is always a market (an end readership) to make welcome such material. If Mr. Brinsley has reached a higher intellectual plane and now find this sort of material bland then your reading matter must be extremely limited.

Collecting memorabilia is a lot more can be said about everything, if your aim is to cater for an entire minority. This place was initially founded as an introduction to potential collectors and any further detailing of the subject would simply cater for the already-involvement thus alienating a goodly section of the readers.

Contrary to persistent belief that all letters of comment that appear in periodicals are "declared", it is the psychology of 59.9% of letter-writers to say something appreciative rather than condemning. It is pleasant, not rage that mainly induces readers to write in to a publication, so magazine editors (should

they even be involved) have no need to resort to "propaganda" tactics in their Letters Column. Should we actually receive an intelligently-constructed letter criticizing any part of the magazine, if only to show no bias, we would print it.

The apparent lack of a title-heading for "Daughters of the Night" is literally one of those errors that develop during the printing process, in this case too late along the schedule to rectify. This article was aimed at taking a retrospective look at the growth and development of an important ingredient in films of gothic fantasy. Maybe the sub-division discussed was too intricate for Mr. Brinsley? Also, should the author decide to blend in with his environment he could always adopt an Anglo-Saxon pseudonym.

*Monsters From the East!* Onibaba: another example of Mr. Brinsley's attitude toward films of fantasy, and Chinese in general. Kaneto Shindo's *Onibaba* is one of the most beautifully constructed, atmospheric excursions into the Oriental approach to fantasy filmmaking ever seen: maybe *Horror at Party Beach* or *Cosplay Onibaba* suits more at Mr. Brinsley's cultural level?

According to the comment on *To the Devil... A Daughter*, it seems that Mr. Brinsley would prefer to only hear about horror-fantasy films that contain established genre performers (what few there are left). Surely the film itself is more important in terms of what it has to offer to the buffs than who is actually cast in the picture, the success of *The Omen* is a good example.

The *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* review is the way critic John Fleming sees it (whether it be good, bad or ugly) and was included for the strict purpose that it may not be widely misread throughout the U.K. If you are the fan you presume to be then you would be interested in all genre films, whether you think you'll ever get to see them or not.

Mr. Brinsley, what is it that makes a particular film valid for inclusion in a horror-fantasy film periodical? If one has to be selective then you would resist with a myopic viewpoint of what is happening in the genre. No-one will ever find a publication that appeals 100% to them, there will always be something that doesn't match your point of view. The best one can hope to achieve with a reader is to draw some form of emotion, be it pleasure or (unfortunately) displeasure, in either category the aim is entertainment.

I'd like to commend your fantastic articles, they are doing a superb job. Just the other day I was comparing the art in *Hell* with that in an American magazine and there was just no comparison. *Hell* was so much more professional in its style.

The letters I enjoy most in *Hell* is The Golden Age Of Horror by Dana Gifford and I feel it would be a mistake to concentrate solely on current horror in the cinema.

Keep up the excellent work!  
Edward Hiller,  
Taurin,  
Somerset.

After the great artwork on *The Quatermass Experiment* and *The Curse Of The Werewolf*, the artwork on *The Georgian House of Hammer 11* had to be the poorest on a man: art published in *Hell*. I found it both static and uninspiring.

Much better was the Van Helsing Tavor Tale, "Lair of the Dragon" drawn by Brian Lewis, who seems to have an affinity with ancient weapons and armor. After seeing his magnificent dragons, I hope that if you ever get round to doing an adaptation of *One Million Years BC* you will assign him the job.

John McBurn,  
Hoburn,  
Tyne and Wear.

If you're a regular reader, John, you'll know by now that we did "get round to doing" *One Million Years BC* in *Hell 14*. However, the artwork was handled by John Ballon, but Brian did manage a look in, turning in another magnificent cover for that issue. Perhaps when we adapt *Hammer's White Dinosaur Ruled The Earth*, Brian will be able to find time for the full artwork.

I recently read *House of Hammer 11* and I can only say it was brilliant. The film adaptation was truly excellent. Please convey my congratulations to Trevor Goring and Alberto Cuyes for turning in some really magnificent artwork.

Raymond Kell,  
Gillingate Moor,  
Co. Durham

Address all letters of comment to:  
POST MASTER, House of  
Hammer, 135-141 Windsor  
Street, London W1.

**Feature by John Fleming**

**A** little old lady goes out one day with her shopping trolley and a big bag of prunes. She goes to a building site and watches the men working. One construction worker is riding up the side of the uncompleted building, standing on a steel beam. Suddenly, the cable snaps. The beam falls. The man plummets hundreds of feet. An ambulance arrives with a stretcher.

"Better get a sack," the ambulance men are told.

The old lady goes back home. The blind man who has been watching goes home too.

**Homebodies** is a genuine thriller. It is about a group of old people who, at first, murder strangers, then each other.

Producer Marshall (ac) Backlar started his career by making the Oscar-nominated short, *Skateboarder*. It was the story of a young boy who loves his skateboard. Then he meets romance, in the form of a 10-year-old girl on a bicycle with braces in her teeth. Romance triumphs.

Backlar's next production was the extremely odd *Pretty Poison*, in which Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld's homicidal fantasies turn into reality.

Then he joined educational and documentary director Larry Yust to film *Trick Baby*, the story of a fur-clad negro woman's revenge on white society. It was based on a book by "Iceberg Slim" (Robert Beck, a black pimp-turned-writer).

Backlar and co-producer James R. Levin sold *Trick Baby* to Universal for more than twice its cost. So, smelling success, they again teamed with director Larry Yust.

The result, **Homebodies**, was made in

1973, but has hardly been seen in Britain. It was filmed in Cincinnati or, as the city used to be nicknamed, "Porkopolis". (It was the largest US pork-packing centre in the nineteenth century.) A boring city and an interesting film.

A group of old people have been living contentedly in an apartment house for decades. But now the whole street is being knocked down and the people who live there are to be moved out into "nice clean rooms" elsewhere.

"They'll come for us tomorrow," says one of the oldsters. "I remember how it was."

There's always dirt now. The sound of their conversation is almost drowned out by the pneumatic drills and hydraulic machinery on the nearby building site, where the huge new office block is rising slowly.

At least, it was rising neatly. But now, because of the accident, work on the site has stopped. The old people can enjoy peace and quiet again.

"A man died," explains the little old lady. "I'd given him some prunes."

There are six oldsters in the house. The friendly, prize-like, prune-pusher is Mattie. The blind old man at the building site was Mr. Blakely. Then there is Mr. Sandy, an old man who has spent the last 15 years in the house vainly working on his memoirs. His room is crammed with thousands of papers and hundreds of books. There is Miss Emily, who talks to her father despite the fact he is long-since dead and buried. She hasn't been out of the house for 20 years. Last, but not least, there are Mr and Mrs Loomis. Everyone is being moved out



*Above: Mr. Loomis and his wheelchair. He swings a heavy ragged or an antiques.*

tomorrow, the building is going to be knocked down. But Mr. Loomis is obsessively re-painting the outside of the house.

Next day, a young girl comes from the local Council to arrange for everyone to leave. But they all refuse. To force them out, the girl gets all gas, light and water supplies cut off.

"That girl doesn't worry about us," says Mattie. "There's no reason for us to worry what happens to them."

Mattie is played by Paula Trueman, a 76-year-old actress who appeared in *Paint Your Wagon*, *The Anderson Tapes*, *On a Clear Day*, etc. She is well known in US TV commercials and has understandably been called "a kind of B-picture Ruth Gordon." Mr. Blakely is played by Peter Brocco. The face is familiar, even if the name isn't: he has appeared in over 200 movies and 500 TV programmes. Other than these two, though, the cast are unknowns as far as British audiences are concerned. All the movie has going for it is very detailed, cluttered sets and very eccentric plotting.

Marne goes back to the building site the next day. Three men enter a cage-lift on the outside of the uncompleted building. They rise smoothly up and up. Then, there's a



*The oldsters hide in the cellar as the demolition machines rattle into action.*

# HOI



wedged in concrete. Right: Mattie (Paula Trueman) & Sandy (William Hansen).

sudden electrical explosion. The men are "fried like bacon". Someone, in panic, cuts off the power supply. The lift falls hundreds of feet onto the concrete below. The \$50 million project is closed down again. The men go home. Silence reigns.

Next day, the girl social worker arrives with police to evict the old people from their house. Trouble is expected. But the oldsters are docilely waiting, perfectly happy to go. They are all taken to a vast, featureless modern block—their new home. All that is, except Mattie and Miss Emily. They have disappeared.

The young social worker in her pure white dress goes back to find them. They must be hiding in the house. Down in the dark, shadowy cellar? No. She climbs the stairs as the detective did in *Psycho*. Nothing. Except a figure half-seen in the shadows behind her. On the first floor, a door creaks. The girl goes innocently into the room like a lamb to the slaughter. But there's no-one there.

She crosses the corridor to another room. Completely empty. No furniture. Just wallpaper, curtains and creaking floorboards. She opens a cupboard.

A long, sharp knife is pushed into her stomach by a small figure. The knife goes straight through her body, its sharp point



# MEBODIES

comes out of her back.

Miss Emily pulls the knife out. Blood begins to soak the fabric of the girl's white dress. She falls to the floor.

By the time night has fallen, all six oldsters are back in their house. But now there's a problem. How to get rid of the body. So they steal a wheelchair from the local park while its occupant is exercising.

They put the stiff, dead girl in it and wheel her off to a bridge, where she is thrown into a passing train.

Later that night, the property tycoon who is financing the \$50 million office complex visits his trouble-torn site. He meets an old lady who persuades him to come to a boarded-up house "It's important," she keeps telling him. She has a packet of prizes in her hand.

When he enters the house, a noose tightens round his legs. He flies up the stairwell, caught like a tiger, hanging upside-down. If the rope is cut, he will fall, head-first, storey-by-storey down onto the floor. His head will split open. The old people stand around him at the top of the stairwell. He yells.

"These old buildings are coming down and there's nothing you can do about it!" The oldsters are impassive. Frightened, he promises new flats with garbage disposal systems. No reaction. Nothing seems to have any effect. He threatens the oldsters with the police.

His captors let him down. They blind and gag him. They put him in their stolen wheelchair and take him across to his own unfinished office building. They take him up to the very top. To the very edge of the building. They're going to throw him off the building? No. They put him in a large box and bring over a housepipe. Out of the



*The Social Worker meets a grisly end at the hands (and knife) of Miss Emily (Frances Fuller).*

pipe, surging, splurging, comes grey, liquid cement. He starts to gargle through his gag as the level of the cement rises. One of the kind old ladies mops his brow. Then the grey liquid covers him.

"I hope they put enough lime in it," says one of his murderers. Then someone sees the tip of one of the dead man's shoes sticking out of a hole in the box.

"Well, there's only one thing to do."

A sharp fire-axe slices off the tip of the shoe—and the dead man's toes. The box is tied-up, grey concrete mixing with red blood. And the toes are popped into a pocket for safe-keeping.

The next day, despite the disappearance of the project's boss, the demolition men return. Machines start to destroy the row of houses where the oldsters are hiding. The most destructive machine is one which uses a huge iron ball to knock down walls.

The day after that, as the demolition expert starts to swing the iron ball towards a house, the chain gives way. The ball flies off and lands on a portable toilet but inside, someone has been caught with his trousers down.

All this violence is too much for Mrs Loomis. She goes to tell the police what is happening. But, as she leaves the house, there is a noise above her. She looks up. A silver urn filled with a loved-one's ashes

*Mrs Loomis (Ruth McDewitt) looks up in terror as a heavy silver urn hurtles down towards her.*

hurtles down from an upstairs-window. It hits Mrs Loomis on the head, knocking her unconscious to the ground.

The oldsters are now turning on each other and it is too much for Mr Sandy. He goes to his room where, amid piles of ageing newspapers, he starts to type a letter. He doesn't see, behind him, a figure with a cudgel. Mavis raises the murder-weapon and brings it down onto Mr Sandy's head with a thud.

Miss Emily, terrified, flees the house and runs—or rather totters—out into the daylight for the first time in 20 years. She is chased by her remaining accomplices. But one of the hunters soon becomes the hunted and, after a chase across a lake in pedal boats, a watery grave awaits one of the oldsters. Or, it seems to. Because the film features a return from the dead and a sting in the tail. You'll have to see it to believe it. Whether you can see it depends on that near-mythical beast: The British Distributor.

## HOMEBOODIES (1973)

Paula Truman (as Mavis), Frances Fuller (Miss Emily), Peter Brooke (Mr Rickard), William Hooten (Mr Sandy), Ruth McDewitt (Mrs Loomis), Ian Wolfe (Mr Loomis).

Directed by Larry Yust, Produced by Marshall Backlet, Screenplay by Larry Yust, Howard Karmaky and Bossett Sloan. Distributed by Eminent Cinema.   
Taste: 96 max. Certificate X



# DRACULA LIVES AGAIN

The role made an international star out of Bela Lugosi in 1931 and 27 years later it did the same for Christopher Lee.

Even the infrequent cinema-goer knows immediately that this refers to the now-legendary character of Count Dracula.

And now, another 19 years on, the cape and fangs have found a new owner. But for neither a relatively unknown actor or widescreen theatrical release.

If you've bought your HoH before the Christmas holiday period, grab hold of a copy of *Radio Times* and prepare for a surprise...

BBC TV have made a new version of *Count Dracula* (co-financed with America's WNET).

"It's been knocking around for a long time," says producer Morris Barry. "It was offered to two other producers. One, unfortunately, was Martin Lisemore (of *I, Claudius*) who died in a car-crash. So somebody else took it on—Tony Cohn (of *Fiddlers*)

who unfortunately died of a heart-attack."

The production was originally planned as a 4-part serial, then a 3-parter; then a single long play. It is now to be transmitted around Christmas in a 2½ hour version, then repeated next year as a 3-part serial.

"I don't know when it's going out," says Barry. "I hope after the Nine O'Clock News, not before. I think it might frighten quite a number of people. There will be an enormous number of visual effects, with stakes going through people's hearts, heads getting cut off and so on."

The production schedule was six days at BBC Television Centre, with one week's filming at the BBC Film Studios in Ealing and three weeks on location in Whitby, Northumberland and London.

Whitby is still very much as it was in the 19th century, but the boat sequences have been filmed in a BBC studio.

"We've got a new technique for model shooting," says Morris Barry. "BBC Visual Effects are not using water for waves: they're using plastic. I think it's come off marvellously."

Who is starring as the evil Count Dracula? Louis Jourdan, clean-cut star of *Gig*.

"I think it's masochistic," says Barry. "He's not immediately horrifying. He's a very charming, benign, good-looking man. But there's something slightly odd. Then it builds up. The way director Philip Saville has done it, one gets a flash of what he might become. Did I or did I not see fanged teeth?"

What does producer Morris Barry think of the previous *Draculas*?

"Our one is completely different from the first one, *Nosferatu*, in 1923. The Bela Lugosi one in 1931 started off rather well, but was really rather silly. You'll see plenty of blood in our version. Times have changed. I think it will be quite frightening, quite terrifying."

## Don't miss... STAR ROARS in...



**MAD** No.191  
On sale February 27th

# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES A SPOT OF BLOOD



Script: Dennis Aynall Artwork: Patrick Wright



CAN'T FACE IT  
AND THAT I'LL NEVER  
TEAR ME

CRUICK'S PRINCIPLESTICKEN LOSS  
OF NERVE CONSUMED HIS  
INJURED VICTIM TO DEATH

AS SOON AS HE GOT HOME, CRUICK WISHED  
AWAY THE EVIDENCE...

THAT'S GOOD  
I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT  
SPOT OF BLOOD...



**HER**  
Friday, August 28, 1964

**Hit and run fatality.**  
Hospital technician  
bleeds to death in ditch.  
Guilty motorist could have  
saved his life, say police.

Police last night  
were trying to trace  
the driver of a car  
which ran over and  
killed a woman last  
night. Police said  
the driver was not  
seen. The car was  
seen to be a 1964  
Ford. The driver was  
seen to be a man  
with dark hair and  
a mustache. The car  
was seen to be a  
1964 Ford. The driver  
was seen to be a  
man with dark hair  
and a mustache.

A WEEK LATER, JOHN CRUICK'S  
NIGHTMARE BEGAN

WHAT THIS NEWS  
CAN'T BE THE SAME  
SPOT OF BLOOD  
I CAN IT?

YES! NO  
CERTAIN IN!

INSTANTLY IS  
WHAT IT SAYS, MARK  
AND INSTANTLY IS  
WHAT I NEED...

THAT'S GOT TO  
DO THE FATALITY THING  
IF IT WAS REALLY  
THERE

BUT ONE MORNING, A WEEK  
LATER

OH NO. IT'S THREE  
AGAIN. AND FRESH, LIKE  
I JUST SQUEEZED FROM  
THE GUY'S VEIN'S

IS IT ON THE  
GLASS. OR IN MY  
MIND? GOT TO STOP  
THIS BEFORE IT DRIVES  
ME CRAZY!

SO LATER THE SAME DAY

SR

TAKEN A DISLIKE  
TO THE ONE, HAVE  
YOU, BUB?

YOU COULD  
SAY THAT I JUST FLEW  
ME UP WITH ANOTHER  
ONE, RIGHT?

THE NEXT TWO WEEKS WERE UNTRUBLED, AND CROUCH GOT HIS FIVE BUCK.

OH-IAH THIS IS THE ROAD WHERE IT HAPPENED BUT HELL, WHAT HAVE I GOT TO WORRY ABOUT?



ONE TERROR-LOCKED HAND RAN ON THE WHEEL, CROUCH SLEWED THE CAR INTO THE DITCH.



THE ANSWER TO CROUCH'S QUESTION ARE... PLenty?



OH GOD -- AND I DOING THIS -- WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME?



YOU EXPECTED CROUCH TO BE KILLED, DIDN'T YOU? IN BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THE STORY YET.



THE PATROLMAN GOT CROUCH TO THE HOSPITAL IN TIME.

HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD. HE'LL NEED AN IMMEDIATE TRANSFUSION.



I'LL GET A BOTTLE OF PLASMA.

BUT THE HOSPITAL TECHNICIAN WAS IN FOR A SHOCK.

HUH? EVERY LAST BOTTLE IN THE BLOOD-BANK SHATTERED... OVER-TURNED... EMPTY!



I TELL YOU THERE'S NOT A DROP OF PLASMA IN THE HOSPITAL!



THEN WE'VE LOST THE PATIENT! WITHOUT THAT TRANSFUSION MR CROUCH IS A DEAD MAN.



DON'T ASK ME HOW THE BLOOD-BANK GOT EMPTY! I'M NEW HERE! HAYES: IT WAS THE FAULT OF THE TECHNICIAN WHO HAD THIS JOB BEFORE ME. THE ONE WHO DIED LAST MONTH IN THAT HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT...

THE END.

# HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT

## MAD BACK ISSUES

**GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST!** Already out from sold out of our *Jaws* issue of MAD (No. 108), we *Rollback!* issue (No. 101) and our *Kings* issue (No. 105), and stocks are dwindling fast on many of the others. But we've managed to get our hands on a quantity of new single-episode covers dating back to early 1975. Issues 157, 161 and 162.)

This is your chance to see the much talked about MAD version of our very own *Dr. Who* (161) and to remember what MAD did to *The Twisting Inferno* and *The Great Gatsby*.

All back issues are 35p each (including postage) and are available from the address below. Cheque/credit notes made payable to Toy Services Ltd.



157 GATEWAY



161 DR. WHO



162 HOLLAND



164 STAR MACHINE



165 CONTAINER 2



166 50 MILLION MAN



167 THAWPOT



168 FINAL EPISODE



170 WUSKATL



171 THE BATTLE



172 THE BATTLE



173 COCOS 3 RISE



175 2001



177 STAR TREK



178 HAPPY DAYS



179 BIONIC WOMAN



180 THE BATTLE



181 STARS



182 THE BATTLE



183 MARATHON MAN



184 THE BATTLE



185 HONG KONG



186 NETWORK



187 CHANGE LARGES

## POSTER MAGS

The following are full colour magazines, each containing an eight page fold out poster. 35p ea.



MM vol 1 No. 1 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



MM vol 2 No. 2  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



MM vol 3, No. 3  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Sav vol 1 No. 1 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Sav vol 2 No. 2 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Sav vol 3 No. 3 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft

## HORROR COMICS AND MONSTER MAGAZINES



HC vol 1 No. 1 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



HC vol 2 No. 2 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



HC vol 3 No. 3 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



MM vol 4 No. 4 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Psycho vol 1 No. 1 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Psycho vol 2 No. 2 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Adventure vol 1 No. 1 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft



Adventure vol 2 No. 2 Low  
Poster: 5 x 4 ft

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...



**STAR  
WARS**